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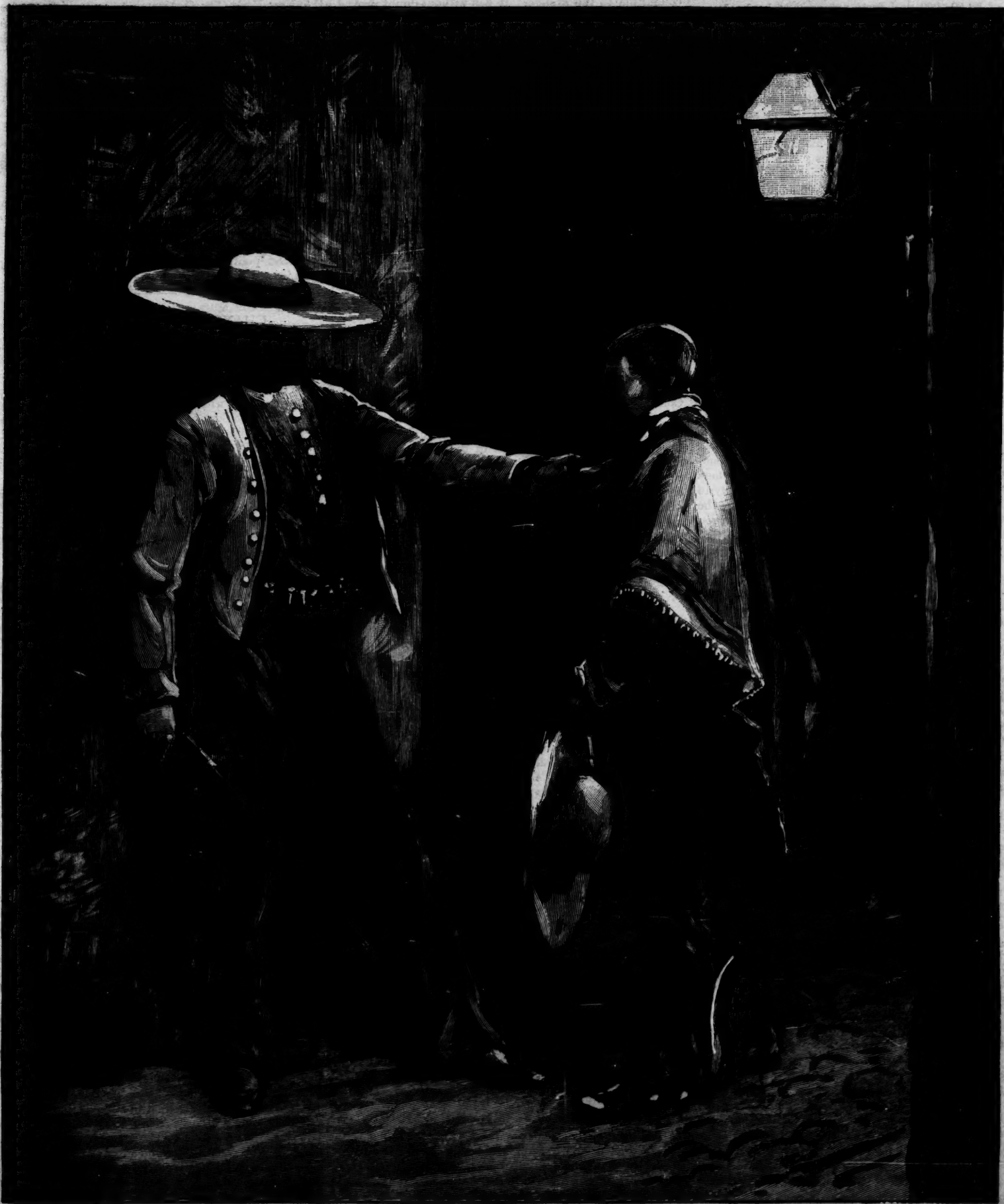
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THE TROUBLE ON THE RIO GRANDE.—A STREET PATROL IN PASO DEL NORTE, MEXICO.
A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.

SEE PAGE 6.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 21, 1886.

THE TILDEN TRUST.

MR. TILDEN'S Will makes the people the inheritor of about four-fifths of his great fortune. The worth of such bequests and the nobility of the motives prompting them are not always to be measured by the number of dollars devoted to public ends; but even in this respect Mr. Tilden will rank among the very foremost of benefactors. Certainly three, and probably four, million dollars will go to the foundation of the splendid library which he planned for New York.

With the exception of the Peabody and the Johns Hopkins bequests, we recall no public legacy equal to this in the case of any American. Stephen Girard's endowment of the institution which bears his name consisted of \$2,000,000 and forty-five acres of land. Peter Cooper devoted more than \$1,000,000 to the establishment of the Cooper Union. John Jacob Astor gave \$400,000 in 1848 for the foundation of the Astor Library, and a quarter of a century later his son William added \$200,000 to the original bequest. The Rush legacy, in Philadelphia, was about \$1,000,000; the Lenox, in New York, probably more, although the latter is not in the fullest sense a public bequest. James Lick, the Californian, appropriated \$2,000,000 of his estate to various educational and charitable purposes; but the amount was somewhat reduced after Mr. Lick's death by the litigation over his will. The donation of a great part of Senator Stanford's fortune to the State of California for educational purposes is too recent to be estimated from this point of view.

We bring these interesting figures together not for the purpose of fixing Mr. Tilden's place in a scale of comparative liberality, but rather to show what enduring and useful results may be expected from the crowning act of his career. Mr. Tilden's fame was secure enough without the noble monument which he chose to erect. He was the last man to think of purchasing the gratitude of his fellow-citizens. The secret of his intentions was carefully guarded by himself and his intimate friends up to the hour of his death. A sagacious and successful money-getter, with few superiors in the arts of investment and accumulation, Mr. Tilden nevertheless regarded himself at all times as the trustee rather than the possessor of his private fortune. "When we come," said Mr. Tilden, at a dinner given to a very rich man about nine years ago, "to the small fraction which the owners or managers of these colossal capitals are able to apply to their personal use, or to lay up for their own use, the first thing that strikes one is that they cannot carry even a carpet-bag when they go on their long journey to that bourne from whence no traveler returns." And again, on the same occasion, referring directly to his rich friend: "I trust that he, as all the rest of these men of colossal fortunes, has discovered that there is something better than money, and that is the merited esteem of their fellows; and that there is something better than the merited esteem of their fellows, which is a consciousness that human society is better because we have existed."

These are the elevated sentiments that have found practical expression in Mr. Tilden's Will. He has wisely left unlimited discretion to the three friends appointed to carry out his plans—namely, Mr. John Bigelow, Mr. Andrew H. Green and Mr. George W. Smith, for many years Mr. Tilden's private secretary. The trustees have power even to apply the money to some other charitable or educational purpose, if they decide that it can be used to better advantage for the public benefit. But there is no doubt that the original idea of making Mr. Tilden's private library the nucleus of a public institution will be closely adhered to. Nor is there much doubt that the wonderful genius of the dead statesman for organization and adaptation perfected long ago in all its details the scheme by which the Tilden Trust will be made to serve its noble purpose in the best way, and to the greatest good of the greatest number.

SOME WEAK POINTS OF THE "MAINE LAW."

THE thousands of vacation travelers who are now passing through or staying in the State of Maine have an opportunity of testing the stringency of what is known as the "Maine Law." Without intending to disparage the general value of this form of prohibitory enactment, we venture to affirm that travelers are discovering that this law is not so severe as some of its friends would have us believe.

In the first place, the law is not in many parts enforced. In several cities liquor is sold almost as openly as in Boston, New York or Chicago. It is notorious that Bangor has scores of bars which are open in every sense but in name. Many hotels are accustomed to furnish liquors to their guests. Hotels at one of the most popular resorts on the coast, Old Orchard, print the customary "wine list" on the last page of the menu. In the rural districts of the State the law is enforced more thoroughly than in the urban; but in the larger villages and cities

it is seldom difficult for the traveler to obtain the beverage he may desire.

But perhaps the weakest point of the "Maine Law" is the "town agency." Each town or city usually appoints some citizen to sell liquor for medicinal, mechanical or chemical purposes. The task is rather a thankless one. It is not a duty which gentlemen are inclined to undertake. The "agent" is the object of attack from enemies of all varieties who desire to obtain their favorite beverage. If lying is justifiable in war, deception, it is thought, is not of a very heinous type of guilt when used in the endeavor to secure whisky or wine. Even with the best intentions on the part of the "agent" to sell only to those who have a legal right of purchase, he finds himself continually deceived. But in not a few instances the "agent's" intentions are not the best. His pecuniary interest, and that of the town, his principal, lies in the selling of a large amount of liquors. Examination of the books of these "town agencies" proves that no small amount of rum and whisky is sold to toppers who are simply notorious for their drunkenness.

Prohibition is popular among the citizens of the "Pine-tree State." Both political parties are irrevocably committed to the system. It has without doubt proved to be of great benefit. It would be simply impossible to strike the law from the statute-books; and, indeed, the Constitution has recently been so amended as to make prohibition the permanent rule of the State. But in its working the law has serious defects, which the friends of the temperance cause should not overlook, and which, in the interests of a purer civilization, they may well attempt to eliminate.

THE CHANGE OF COLLECTORS.

THE Press is absolutely unanimous in the expression of the opinion that Edward L. Hedden was properly retired from the office of Collector of Customs by the President. When Judge Robertson, the late Collector, congratulated Mr. Hedden on his high appointment, and remarked that he would find the duties exacting and quite complex, the new Collector, with an air of conceit and a toss of the head, replied: "The duties will not be difficult to me; I know already all about them." His remark showed that he knew nothing about them. In this great office, one of the most important under any Government, new questions arise every day in the year, involving thousands and often millions of dollars to the revenue, and requiring for their solution the broadest experience and legal abilities of the highest order. The Collector of this Port has charge of the work which supplies the Government of the United States with the bulk of its revenue. No man, unless he is qualified for a Cabinet position, will come out of the office of Collector at New York with any particular credit to himself or any reputation to spare. The successful Collectors can be counted on one's fingers. There has been no time, it is said, during the last ten years prior to his recent appointment, when Mr. Hedden would not have been satisfied and gratified with an \$1800 clerkship. How he came to be offered a place equivalent to a Cabinet position, with a salary of \$12,000 per annum attached, had perhaps better not be inquired into too closely in view of recent events.

Daniel Magone, of St. Lawrence County, the residence also of Collectors Merritt and King, is commended by the Press as qualified by experience and training for this very responsible office. He is a lawyer of conceded abilities, which is of essential importance in a position where the duties are semi-judicial, and where law must be interpreted and construed almost hourly. But as Mr. Magone is not without reputation as a shrewd politician, it would seem probable that the President had regard for both fitness and political serviceability in making this selection. The new Collector is said to indorse heartily, however, the President's Civil Service policy, which as a sensible subordinate he would do even if not a reformer on principle. It is safe to say, in view of recent experiences, that we can judge better one year or three years hence how strict and thorough a Civil Service Reformer Mr. Magone may be. The temptation afforded by almost two millions of patronage, now mostly in Republican hands, may prove too great for even Mr. Daniel Magone. An approaching Presidential election is also another element of danger, which has many times led to the changing of subordinates on other than business principles.

One thing gratifying about this appointment is, that the new Collector will get so well entrenched in his position before the assembling of Congress, that there will be no chance for dickering over his confirmation. The trade or deal between the late Collector and a certain United States Senator, by which a consideration was given to secure confirmation, was discreditable to all the parties concerned in it. Deaths and removals from office sometimes prevent the consummation of dishonorable designs in "practical politics."

A PRECIOUS TRIUMVIRATE.

THE hand of the law is on two of the three men concerned in the corrupt compact of December 26th, 1884, by which Mr. Squire became Commissioner of Public Works in New York, and on the third the hand of death was laid suddenly several weeks ago. As at the time of the Tweed Ring exposures, fourteen years back, it is due to the falling out of accomplices that a corner of

the curtain is lifted revealing part of the machinery by which the taxpayers of New York are systematically plundered. The important difference between this and the last great scandal which aroused public indignation and led to a radical reform of municipal abuses is, that the discovery occurs before the rascals have bagged the millions. For the early dissolution of the partnership of Flynn, Thompson and Squire, the people have much reason to be thankful.

Squire's career in municipal politics is like a story from the "Arabian Nights." He came to New York an impecunious adventurer, almost a tramp, ready to take a hand in anything that turned up, from stage-jugglery to the largest affairs of government. The bosses wanted a dummy in the Department of Public Works. Squire went to Mayor Edson and proposed himself as a candidate. In his letter to Flynn he signed away his soul—if so irresponsible a creature can be said to possess a soul. The infamous Board of Aldermen that sold the Broadway franchise was then in the last week of its existence. Presto! and the ex-medium of the dark cabinet, the doggerel rhymester, the professional parasite, found himself the nominal head of the most important branch of the New York City Government, controlling a patronage greater than that of the Governor of any State in the Union and supervising an expenditure of about \$10,000,000 annually. It was like a dream, but it was a dream soon ended.

If Squire, the facile and silly tool of abler but probably not worse men, had not in the expansion of self-conceit fancied himself greater than his masters, the revelation which has startled the people of New York would have been long delayed. He is under indictment, with prospects of speedy conviction and imprisonment. Thompson, the political Boss, is dead; Flynn, the business Boss, who dominated both Thompson and Squire, is also under indictment. Through the energy of Mayor Grace in taking prompt advantage of the situation a telling blow has been struck at the worst evil that afflicts this and other great American cities—government by dishonest politicians and corrupt contractors acting in collusion.

CHANGES OF GOVERNMENT.

THE facility with which the English Government changes Administrations within a few days after the popular vote on the question of Home Rule is rendered calls the attention of thoughtful minds everywhere to the question whether the advantages connected with certain monarchical forms do really outweigh the burdens. The system of having a family to reign, and of selecting a Ministry to govern, has certainly the convenience that all the loyalty of the people towards the Government may find expression in terms of respect for the reigning sovereign without being hampered and dulled by the necessity of criticism, since all the criticism can be leveled at the Premier or Ministry. It is also a disadvantage in republics that in the earlier part of a President's term, when there is a general desire to centre upon him individually the feeling of loyalty which is due only to the Government in the abstract, there is a too general wish to submit to his recommendations whether right or wrong—a form of pseudo-loyalty which does not wear off until the public mind becomes familiar with his mistakes. Hence an American President, entering on his office, receives at first the maximum of loyalty and the minimum of criticism; but as he gets on towards the third and fourth years of his term, the loyalty declines and the criticism increases, until he goes out under a load of unpopularity, or at least with the feeling that his exit has been long waited for, and should have come earlier. At the first he has more influence than he deserves, and at the last he has less. In England, however, the Queen keeps right on representing the dignity of the Government, and receiving all popular expressions of loyalty due to it as an institution, while the Premier and Ministry suffer the ups and downs, tossings and tempests, criticism and condemnation, which await fleeting policies and temporary measures.

Each people believes heartily in its own mechanism. It must be admitted, however, that the prophecies uttered a century or less ago, by revolutionists of all sorts, that within a few years Europe would become republican in form, are slow in being fulfilled. There is a steady rise in the tide of popular power, and leaders spring up more from the masses and less frequently from the class of hereditary rulers. But the tendency towards change of outward forms and names is not great. For fifty years past no new Government has been modeled after that of the United States, though in the first half-century of our national existence we had troops of imitators, including about all the Spanish-American republics. Of late the new nationalities, including the French Republic, Italy, Serbia, the English Colonial Governments, and one or two in South America, have sought to incorporate into their system the dissolvable Legislature and resignable and responsible Ministry, which are the distinguishing features of the English system. It may be said, however, in qualification, that this had not become the English system as now practiced until after our own somewhat more inflexible system of fixed terms and rotation in office and balanced powers had been launched. It was because of the necessity of competing with republics in popular fame that the forms of mon-

archy were so modified as to admit so much of the republican spirit.

SOME VITAL STATISTICS.

VITAL statistics are not commonly supposed to be of thrilling interest, but some of those embodied in the latest volume of the Tenth Census, collected by Dr. John S. Billings, are very well worth studying. It is encouraging to find that the average death-rate of the United States, 18 to each 1,000, is a low rate of mortality compared with France, Germany, Austria, Italy or Belgium, and that even England's death-rate is 20.5. Sweden and some of the rural districts of England are said to be the only portions of the world having a lower death-rate than our country. A point which we emphasized not long since, the dangers of country dwellings, with their imperfect sanitary conditions, is verified by these statistics. In the fifty largest cities of the country typhoid fever is reported to have caused 16.7 in each 1,000 deaths from specified causes, while outside of the cities typhoid fever caused double this number of deaths. We hear much of sewer-gas and defective plumbing in the cities, but it appears that the ill-guarded wells, disease-breeding cesspools and outhouses, and want of drainage, in the country, are far more real perils than those of which we complain in city life.

The belief that the native stock is dying out in New England is confirmed by Dr. Billings's investigations. The number of births during the year to each 1,000 women between the ages of fifteen and forty-nine is shown to be 82.9 in Massachusetts; 71.6 in New Hampshire; 83.2 in Connecticut; 88.7 in Vermont; 93.9 in Maine; 115.1 in Pennsylvania; 122.4 in Indiana; 133 in Iowa; 148.5 in Louisiana; 156 in Georgia; 187.4 in Texas; and in Utah, the home of Mormonism, 198.9. If the statistics of births in New England could be given for the native population alone, the rate would be much lower. As it is, we have no reason to infer that the Irish, Germans and French-Canadians of New England are less prolific there than elsewhere, and we must, therefore, conclude that the small number of births among the native stock has brought the rates down to their present low figures. Yet Dr. Billings finds that the expectation of life of a white male at birth is 41.74 in Massachusetts and 37.04 in Boston, against 33.28 in New York, 38.11 in Chicago, 40.16 in Philadelphia, 36.75 in St. Louis, and 38.02 in San Francisco. In may be inferred, therefore, that Philadelphia is the healthiest city for infants. The smallest proportion sick to every thousand over fifteen years of age is in the middle Atlantic coast region. A fact which may have some bearing on the future of the colored race among us is that the expectations of life of colored males at birth is ten years less than that of white males.

These are a few of the interesting features of an array of statistics, the most important of the kind ever collected in this country. The value of such census-work should assure prompt and ample appropriations without question; and, if possible, appropriations so generous that publication need not be deferred so long after the collections of the facts as has been the case hitherto.

LONGEVITY IN PUBLIC MEN.

THE recent wholesale mortality of public men in the United States has been noted far and wide, but as yet no philosophical nor physical law has been discovered which affords satisfactory explanation of the excessive rate. Herbert Spencer, when he was here, said, in his carefully prepared after-dinner speech at Delmonico's, that the trouble with our physical being and mental growth consisted in our working too much and playing too little; to over-indulgence in the wearing game of eager competition, developing superficial mental structures attuned to high excitements, at the expense of the body, rather than living equable lives pitched at a uniform key. There are those who may say that, as Herbert Spencer has been an invalid nearly his whole life, he ought not to lay down generalities like these. Yet it is true that longevity, taking the mass of the people into consideration, is at a much lower figure in the United States than in England, while the comparison between the statesmen and publicists of the two countries is vastly more disproportionate in the same direction; and certainly in the last particular Mr. Spencer was correct. We have two examples before our very eyes. Here is Mr. Cleveland—not yet dead, it is true—a ceaseless and thankless routine drudge, who, to speak of nothing else, has written within eight months 111 vetoes, as against 105 written before him by all Presidents since the foundation of the Government. But beyond these we have pugnacious messages to Congress, letters of considerable length to citizens, and other extraordinary drains on his time and industry, which indicate that he is working the ultra-American idea of attention to details to the very furthest limit. On the other hand, there is Mr. Gladstone. Those who know him as he lives when Premier in London are aware that there is no man in England who, from morning to night, goes through such an extraordinary number and variety of diversions, from playing on the piano, riding horseback, visiting the British Museum, or other resorts of scholars and connoisseurs, to preparing exhaustive brochures on the Greek classics, archaeology, religious controversy, and subjects entirely extraneous to his official duties or political principles.

What is true of Mr. Gladstone is true of nearly every public man in England, of course in a different way and degree. They believe in diversion, and they believe that diversion is the chief end of man. Take the present Conservative Cabinet, for instance: it is known as an invalid Ministry, for Lord Salisbury constantly has a physician at his elbow, while Lord Randolph Churchill, leader of the House of Commons, has to take frequent rests from arduous labor, owing to a severe surgical operation recently performed, and Lord Idlesleigh is never beyond convalescence. For three American statesmen in like condition of health to hold the three highest offices under the Government would be simply impossible: it would create widespread distrust and alarm.

But still another feature of this interesting subject is, that when our public men do seek prolonged amusement or recreation, they do it too late in life. This was the truth about Mr. Tilden, who, while a horseback-rider and a student all of his years, was yet a man who gave his mind and body up to ceaseless and wearing labor, and only thought of a country-seat and its attending blessings and pleasures when he was palsied and an un-ightly wreck. William H. Vanderbilt only sought household quiet when warned by an unmistakable premonition that business exertion and death would go together; and so it has been with a long line of our railway presidents, Senators and politicians. They do not begin to ease up while yet they are in middle life, but, feeding on habit, continue their exhausting toil till they are suddenly swept away or become victims to lingering and incurable disease.

If we turn to Europe we see a different state of affairs. M. Thiers was vociferating in the French tribune at the age of 84; Kossuth is still living in Turin; the mighty men of the German Empire, with but few exceptions, remain in the same group as when the Emperor was crowned on January 1st, 1871—and other notable examples might be mentioned; but, with the exception of George Bancroft, the historian, no American of great age and international fame is above the sod.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.

THERE is war in Ireland, but not against Ireland's oppressors. Religious fanaticism has broken out in civil strife; and Belfast, the stronghold of Ulster Protestantism, has been made the scene of a series of the most sanguinary encounters between Orangemen and Catholics that have occurred since 1872. Only a few months ago Lord Randolph Churchill was haranguing the Orange "loyalists" of Ulster, to the effect that the success of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill would leave them at the mercy of their Catholic foes, and a fatal struggle would ensue; and Lord Salisbury, in the face of the late distressful scenes, declared, in his speech of last Wednesday, that "it is the duty of the Government to devote its whole energies to freeing the loyal people of Ireland from the constraint exercised upon them, whether in the form of riot or in the more dangerous, insidious and effective form of outrage and intimidation." While Mr. Gladstone's Bill was pending, Ireland was tranquil enough; but upon its defeat, these menaced Catholics, who are 190,000 strong in Belfast, against 50,000 Catholics, proceeded to anticipate their need of protection by attacking the Catholics with irrepressible ferocity. Of course, the blame must be distributed; but the heaviest of it seems inevitably to fall upon the Protestant masses, together with the Mayor, the borough magistrates and the county police.

The riots, which began as early as Wednesday, the 4th inst., with the stoning of a Catholic Sunday-school procession by a mob of young Orangemen, culminated on the following Saturday night in a series of desperate street-fights, in which Orangemen, Catholics, police and troops participated almost continuously until Monday evening. By that time the conflict had increased to the dimensions of a civil war, and over 6,000 extra military and police were quartered in Belfast. The hatred of the populace for the police, whom they regard as murderous Catholics, is so intense, that the latter have been almost entirely replaced by troops. Most of the fighting has taken place along the thinly populated thoroughfares on the west side of the town, more than a mile distant from the centre at Castle Place, and the business portion of the city, and the better quarters generally, have been left undisturbed. In the Shankhill Road district, the wildest disorder prevailed. The fighting in the streets was supplemented by indiscriminate firing from windows. Women and children were killed. Taverns were wrecked, and drunkenness added its terrors to the scene. Statistics as to the actual casualties are exceedingly meagre and indefinite, on account of the disposition of the rioters to conceal their losses. Over four hundred persons have been treated for wounds from gunshots or stones. The number of deaths, as variously reported, is from a dozen to thirty. Comparative peace has prevailed since the middle of last week, but the excitement has by no means subsided. Both Catholics and Protestants, it is feared, are merely husbanding their resources for a greater struggle. The military patrols continue, and five hundred additional police were summoned in preparation for further exigencies.

Lord Salisbury assumes that the English people have "irrevocably decided" against Irish Home Rule, and declares that the primary duty of his Government is the maintenance of social order in Ireland—presumably by coercion: upon which declaration a significant comment is furnished in the fact that the disorders in that unhappy island have been greater within the last month than during the whole of Mr. Gladstone's Administration.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S recent warning to public officials that they must not take part in political affairs does not seem to have had much effect in the Sixth Congressional District of Ohio. A Democratic Convention, held there the other day, was openly and conspicuously manipulated by postmasters whose appointments had been secured by the sitting Representative. The New York *World* charges that out of 160 postmasters appointed by this Congressman, "a large number have become offensive partisans, and have been using both honorable and dishonorable means to secure his re-nomination." In one county, these officials packed the local convention and defeated the honest sentiment of the party by methods unworthy of a respectable body. Similar reports of the impudent interference of public officials in partisan politics come from many other quarters, and if the President proposes to carry out the menace embodied in his recent order, it is obviously time that he should begin.

THE excitement along the Rio Grande over the Cutting case was somewhat intensified last week by the sentence of the accused to one year's imprisonment at hard labor and to pay a fine of \$600; but at this writing the situation wears a more peaceful aspect. Secretary Bayard still persists that the course of the Mexican authorities is indefensible, and that the position assumed by this Government must be maintained at all hazards, since to abandon it would be to surrender a vital principle. As stated by Mr. Bayard, the Mexican claim is that an American citizen can be tried in Mexico under Mexican laws for an offense committed within the United States. But this does not appear to be the exact fact in the case. Cutting's real offense was his circulation in *Mexico*, where he was domiciled, of a repetition of the libel for which he was originally arrested. If there is any doubt as to the jurisdiction of Mexican courts over this offense, there is a much easier way of solving it than by resorting to war, and that is by arbitration. The Treaty of 1848 distinctly requires that in case of any dispute between the United States and Mexico all peaceful means of settlement, including arbitration, shall be exhausted before hostilities are resorted to, if both parties regard the disputed point as proper to be settled in that way. Certainly there can be no difference of opinion that the point now in dispute ought to be amicably

settled; that it would be monstrous to appeal to arms for its solution. It is to be hoped that the Government will prove itself equal to the duty of settling the whole matter peaceably, on a basis at once just and honorable.

THE Democratic Conventions of Indiana and Tennessee have strongly indorsed the Administration of President Cleveland, and it is becoming more and more evident that, however much some of the leaders may dislike him, the masses of the party are heartily in sympathy with the President of their choice. The Indiana platform is especially emphatic in its approval of the Administration policy, and may be said, indeed, to be more than ordinarily positive in its declarations as to all subjects of public concern. It insists that the surplus in the public treasury shall be promptly applied in payment of the national debt, demands legislation in the interest of labor, and declares in favor "of just and proper measures for regulating the traffic of intoxicating liquors under a higher license system designed to repress the evils of intemperance." This last declaration is especially significant, showing as it does, a clear recognition among Democratic politicians that they cannot any longer afford to ignore the question of placing the liquor traffic under wholesome restraints.

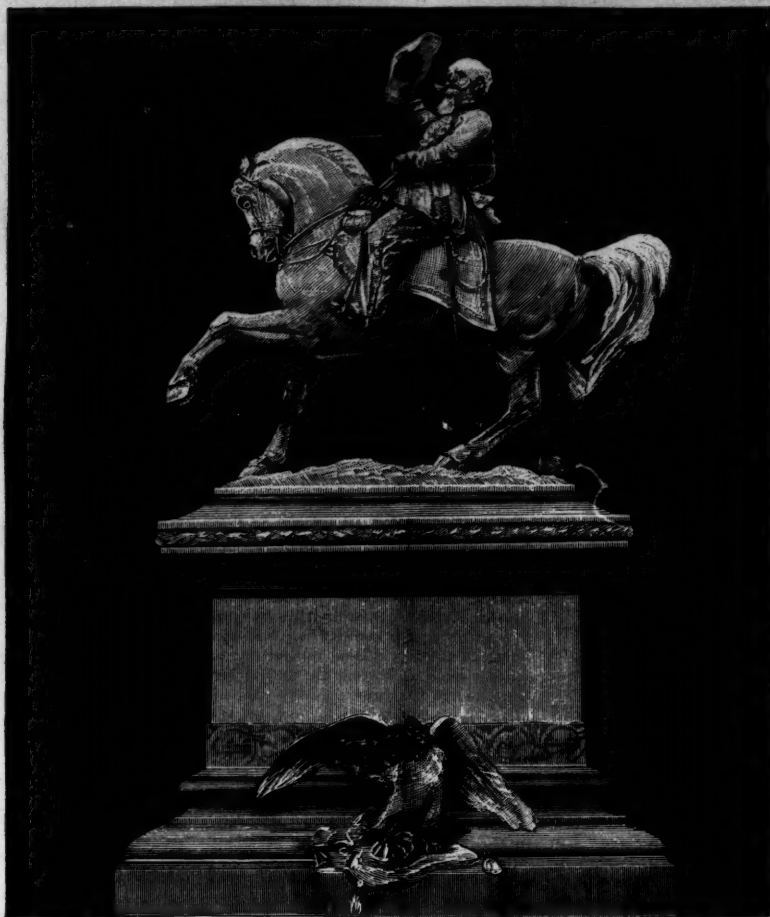
AMONG recent deaths, none has been more widely regretted than that of the venerable John McLean, ex-President of the College of New Jersey. Few educators have exerted a more positive and wholesome influence in the formation of character and the shaping of lives that have been marked by great achievements than this Princeton "father." The son of a Princeton professor for whom, in 1795, the first Chair of Chemistry in America was named, and graduating from that institution in 1816, he became at once a tutor, in 1823 was made a Professor of Mathematics, and in 1854 became President, serving in that capacity until 1868, having thus given over half a century to the service of the college. He was a man of great gentleness of character, of deep and earnest piety, and commanded not only the respect but the warm affection of all who studied under him. Controlled always by a profound sense of the responsibility of his office, his constant aim was to develop and build up in the students under his care manly, vigorous Christian principles; and there are hundreds of honored and successful men all over the land to whom his example was the controlling force in determining their upward careers.

THE English courts do not, apparently, agree with some of our American judges that newspapers may not properly publish charges affecting the character of individuals, official or otherwise. In some of our States it has been held that "the greater the truth, the greater the libel," and that any publication tending to bring a person into discredit, no matter how worthy the motive, exposes the publisher to punishment. But in London, the Court of Queen's Bench, in refusing to issue the injunction applied for by Sir William Armstrong and others to prevent a certain journal from continuing to publish charges against the plaintiffs while the action for libel is pending, lays down in very strong terms the right and duty of journalists to make such charges if true in substance. The main charge is that the Armstrong Company are members of a ring which by collusion with the Ordnance Department induced the Government to accept poor guns. The court holds that if the charge is false, the plaintiffs have a remedy in damages, and it refuses absolutely to muzzle the Press in the interest of the persons accused. This is undoubtedly the right principle, and we cannot doubt that it will, at no distant day, find universal recognition.

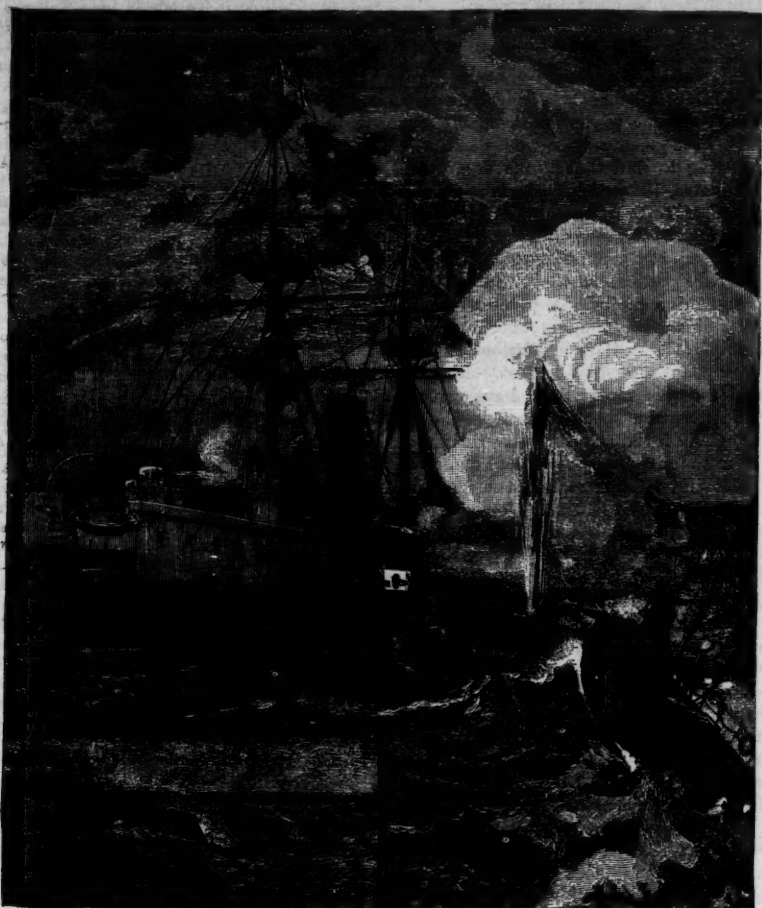
THE New York Republican State Committee last week decided not to hold a State Convention of the party this Fall, being apparently afraid to face the Temperance and other questions which are forcing themselves to the front. During its session the committee was addressed by representative Republicans, who told its members that the party, if it intended to maintain its reputation as a party of principle, must plant itself fairly and squarely upon a platform containing a plank in favor of submitting a prohibition amendment to the people. General George H. Sharpe said: "The Republican party always prided itself upon its principles. If we want to get back into power, we can only do it by formulating a platform of principles to be indorsed by the people at the polls. We must arouse the enthusiasm of our voters. We should take some action upon the Temperance question. We should meet it in a platform to be framed this Fall. We must raise our flag if we expect our voters to follow us." These sentiments, however, found but a feeble echo in the Committee, which, by a vote of 18 to 9, decided to dodge the whole question by declining to call a convention. Of course, this decision is pleasing to the saloons and the slums, but it will alienate from the Republican standard thousands of voters of the more reputable and intelligent class, whom it cannot afford to lose. No party that truckles to the liquor interest can any longer permanently hold the support of good citizens.

FOR an "off year" in politics, the gubernatorial campaign in Maine this Fall promises to be unusually exciting, it being generally understood and acknowledged by the party leaders on both sides that the results will have an important bearing on the national contest in 1888. An element that will call forth the best work on both sides, so far as the two great parties are concerned, is the defection of Neal Dow and his vigorous leadership of a "Third Party" in the interest of east-iron prohibition—and Neal Dow. There is no longer to be any futile dalliance with the Republicans by the great apostle of total abstinence, and as whatever following he may secure will draw more largely from the Republican than the Democratic ranks, the Democrats regard the alleged new party with something more than philosophic gratification. Still another element to be placated or cajoled—as it can no longer be bulldozed—is composed of the Knights of Labor and other laboring men, who are threatening to take a hand in politics on their own account, regardless of former party affiliations, and run things to suit themselves. The importance of scoring a decisive victory against all odds is so thoroughly appreciated by the Republicans, that they are already training their heavy artillery on the combined enemy. Opening the fight at Sebago Lake, August 24th, Mr. Blaine will thereafter speak every day during the campaign, and in nearly all of the fourteen counties of the State. The Maine Senators and Congressmen will also all take an active part, reinforced, it is announced, by such visiting statesmen as Senators Logan, Hoar, Evans and Miller, ex-Governor Rice of Massachusetts, ex-Collector Robertson, and General James W. Husted. The Republicans will make labor, the tariff and prohibition the main issues, and the State Committee have already announced, as the result of their preliminary canvass, that every county in the State save one will be carried by a large majority. Neal Dow, on the other hand, asserts that he holds the balance of power, and will prove it by smashing his late friends, the Republicans.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 6.



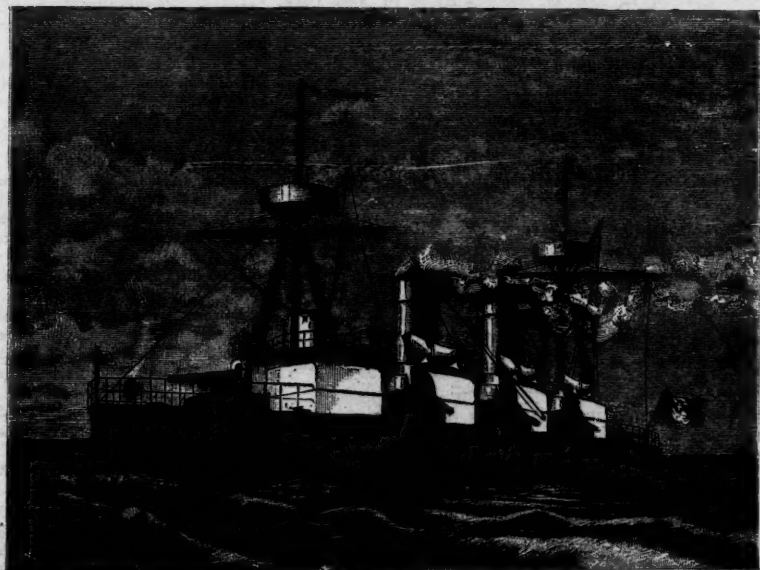
ITALY.—MONUMENT OF VICTOR EMMANUEL II. AT GENOA, INAUGURATED JULY 18TH.



GREAT BRITAIN.—NAVAL MANOEUVRES AT PORTSMOUTH—THE "COLOSSUS" ATTACKED BY TORPEDO-BOATS.



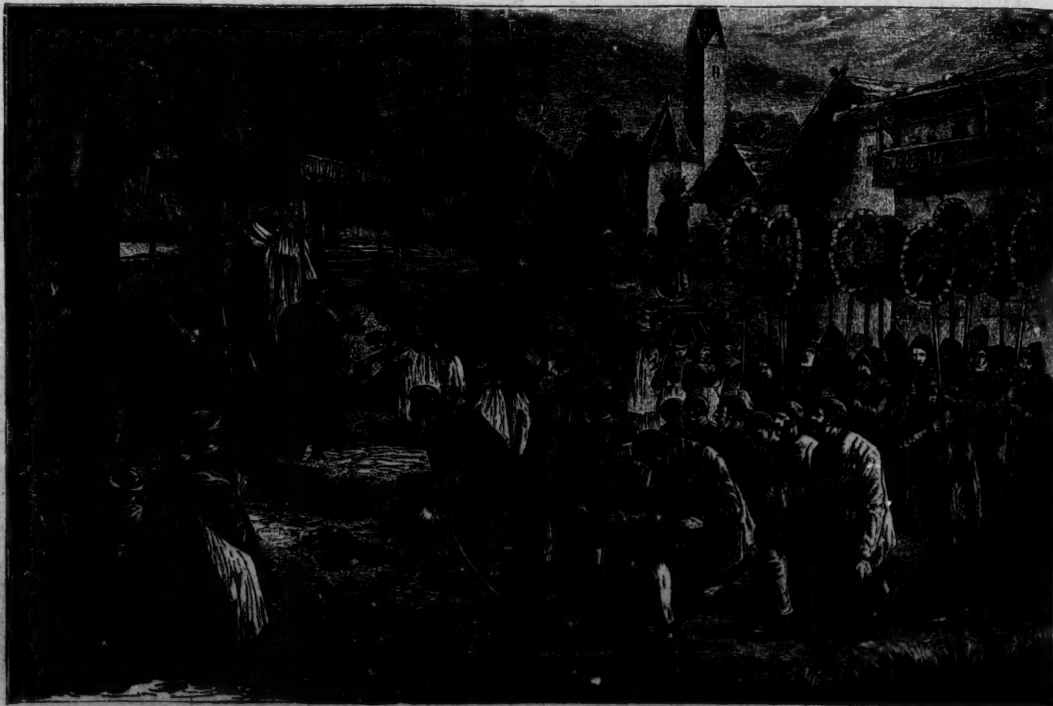
ASIATIC TURKEY.—TRANSPORTING DEAD BODIES TO KERBELA FOR BURIAL.



ITALY.—THE "VESUVIUS," NEW TORPEDO-RAM OF THE NAVY.



FRANCE.—THE BUST OF RABELAIS, JUST INAUGURATED AT MEUDON.



SWITZERLAND.—FEAST OF THE HOLY ROSARY IN A TYROLEAN ALPINE VILLAGE.



NEW YORK CITY.—MAURICE B. FLYNN.
PHOTO. BY MORA.

A DAY IN THE "AMERICAN TROSACHS."

THE appellation of the "American Trosachs" has been bestowed upon that romantic region of river, mountain and lake lying west of the Lower Hudson River, in the States of New York and New Jersey, on account of the resemblance of its natural features to those of the famous Trosachs of Scotland, where are laid the

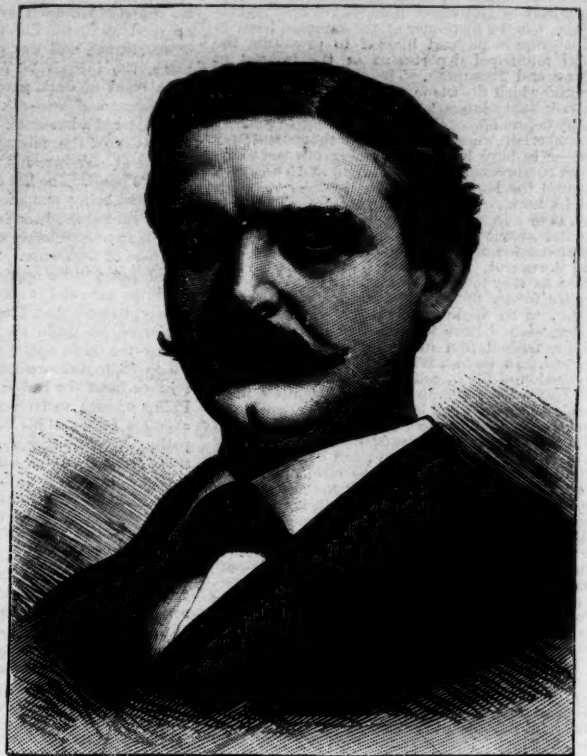
scenes of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The convenient and charming "round trip" which has been arranged by Mr. John N. Abbott, General Passenger Agent of the Erie Railway, will serve to make the beauties of this region accessible to a large portion of the public who have hitherto known it only by reputation.

Leaving New York city by the day steamer, at nine o'clock in the morning, the tourist enjoys a sail of sixty miles up the Hudson River, passing its chief points of historic and scenic interest—the old forts of the Revolution, the Palisades, Tappan Zee, Stony Point, West Point and the Highlands, with Storm King Mountain, 1,529 feet high, standing at their northern gate. At Newburgh, which is reached at noon, time is allowed for a brief visit to Washington's Headquarters, before the departure of the one-o'clock train on the Erie Railway for Greycourt. From here the route is continued to Warwick over the Lehigh and Hudson Railroad. This railroad ride, occupying altogether an hour and twenty minutes, unfolds a superb panorama of the Shawangunk and Schunemunk Mountains. From Warwick there is a stage ride of nearly two hours, over the Bellevue Mountain to Point Peter, at the head of Greenwood Lake. This lovely sheet of water is the Loch Katrine of the American Trosachs. It presents equal attractions to the artist and the sportsman, and its bass-fishing is celebrated. After an hour's stop here, the tourist takes the lake steamer to the point where the lake is intersected midway by the State boundary line between New York and New Jersey. At this point railroad travel is resumed, the train of the New York and Greenwood Lake Railroad leaving the lake at 5:45 p. m., and arriving in New York at 7:40 in the evening. Thus the entire trip is made inside of twelve hours; or, reversing it, one can leave the city at 4 p. m., stop over night at Greenwood Lake, and, reaching Newburgh in time to connect with the day-line steamer at 2:15 p. m., arrive in New York at half-past five. The fare for the round trip, in either direction, is only \$3; and it may be questioned if there is in all the world

another day's excursion which can rival this one, either in price or in the pleasure afforded.

THE FLYNN-SQUIRE CONSPIRACY.

THE indictment and arrest of Commissioner Rollin M. Squire and Contractor Maurice B. Flynn, last week, on charges of



NEW YORK CITY.—ROLLIN M. SQUIRE, COMMISSIONER OF
PUBLIC WORKS.
PHOTOGRAPH BY MOSHER.

conspiracy in the conducting of the Department of Public Works of New York city, marked a climactic point in the sensational drama of political intrigue which the courts of law are at present engaged in unfolding. The late Hubert O. Thompson, who formed the third of the triumvirate, has passed beyond the reach of earthly tribunals. The disagreement and treachery of these three men amongst themselves brought about their exposure; and the



1. The Hudson Highlands—Storm King.

2. View from Summit of Point Peter.

3. Greenwood Lake—Black-bass Fishing.

A SUMMER DAY'S EXCURSION THROUGH THE "AMERICAN TROSACHS."
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.

last act of the late leader of the County Democracy, prompted by motives of mingled remorse and revenge, was the surrender of the damning letter in which Squire pledged himself to prostitute the chief municipal department in the interest of Flynn and Thompson. The story of this letter, around which the whole conspiracy revolves, is of extraordinary interest, as developed by the testimony before Mayor Grace. According to the City Chamberlain, whose relations with the conspirators appear to have been of an ambiguous and somewhat compromising nature, Flynn and Thompson secured the letter from Squire, in order that they might have a secure hold upon him. That is to say, it was to enable them to hold the threat of an indictment over the head of the dummy Commissioner whenever he should fail, in the words of the document, to transact the business of the office as they might direct. They also compelled Squire to give them his resignation, with the date blank, to be used whenever they should see fit. Later, when Squire felt uneasy about the letter, Flynn tricked him into the belief that it was burned. In reality, it remained in the nominal possession of Flynn, and in the actual possession of Thompson. Meanwhile, when Squire's independent conduct had become so objectionable to the two politicians that they determined to oust him from his office, they suddenly awakened to the fact—or Mr. Flynn reminded them of it—that the letter which they held was too strong a card to play. It might incriminate themselves as well as Squire. Still, they would risk it, if the Mayor would agree to appoint a new Commissioner to suit them. Overtures were made to this effect, through Mr. Flynn, but apparently without result. Then Flynn and Thompson had a falling-out; and the latter, infuriated at seeing his party "slaughtered" by Squire in the Department of Public Works, gave up the letter which he held, to be used in the prosecution of his former confederate and their common tool.

Flynn and Squire were released on bail immediately after their arrest. On Thursday they were arraigned before Judge Cowing in the Court of General Sessions, and pleaded "Not guilty" to the joint indictment for conspiracy found against them. The trial was set down for the first Monday in September.

Portraits of the two men on trial will be found on page 5. Mr. Squire was considered as a Bostonian rather than a New Yorker at the time of his appointment to his present office on the last day of December, 1884. His diversified and not always successful career as spiritualistic medium, *littérateur* and man of business has been often recounted in the newspapers. He is forty-eight years old. Maurice B. Flynn is a somewhat dandified Irish-American, who came to New York about twenty years ago, a poor boy of seventeen, and is now worth a million and a half of dollars. He is indebted for this fortune to his successful combination of the iron business, contracting and politics. He was elected to the Assembly by the Democrats of the Thirtieth and Fourteenth Wards of Brooklyn in 1878, and re-elected at the conclusion of his term. He was one of the organizers of the New York County Democracy, and in 1883 was made Chairman of the Fourteenth District Assembly General Committee. He is married to a daughter of Theodore Moss, the treasurer of Wallack's Theatre.

AFTERWARDS.

A LIGHT wind ran through the fields of clover, Brown birds on their sailing wings went by, The world had Spring, and my heart, a lover; And which seemed sweeter, Love's smile or sigh?

The bee was happy above his blossom,
The bird was happy above her nest;
My young heart fluttered against my bosom,
Half hurt with pleasure, too keenly blest.

Was it enough for Love's full measure
To pour itself in an empty hand?
To give for a kiss the soul's deep treasure—
Life's jewel crown for a grain of sand?

The fields are brown with their rough dry stubble,
The nests are empty—the trees are bare—
The world is a world of sin and trouble,
And my heart is a world of pain and care.

Brief, brief and sweet, was the joy of meeting,
But long must the pain of parting dwell—
Only an hour for Love's glad greeting,
And the rest of life for Love's sad farewell!

MARY AINCE DEVERE.

THE ROMANCE OF A HAT-MARK.

By MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

PHILIP NORTHAM, coming hastily out of Exchange Building one morning in January, slipped on some ice at the top of the marble steps and slid rapidly to the bottom. On his way, however, he encountered a gentleman who was leisurely descending before him, whipped him briskly from his feet and brought him down by his side to the pavement below. This unexpected introduction was accompanied by a prompt removal of their respective hats. Philip's rolled down to the curbstone, and the stranger's whirled along the pavement to be stopped and returned by an opportune bootblack. Fortunately no bodily damage was done to either of the embarrassed young men, who instantly picked themselves up, with mutually unnecessary apologies. Philip, perhaps, had some *raison d'être*, as he had been the aggressive party, but the same haste to catch a train that had occasioned the tendering of the apology made it naturally very brief. He barely took time to assure himself that his fellow-voyager to the sidewalk was not hurt, then clasped his hat on his head and rushed onward with the same speed that defeated itself a few seconds previous.

We state that Philip clasped his hat on his head, but the truth is, he clasped on a hat in every way resembling it, yet as unlike it as a hat that we have never worn is unlike the hat of our everyday wear. Philip had not gone a block when he realized that he had made a mistake, and exchanged hats with the stranger, whom he had otherwise incriminated by hurrying him down stairs. It would seem that Destiny had been gratuitously unkind through Philip's unmeaning agency to this inoffensive wayfarer, and for no apparent reason but her own wilful fancy. However, it would probably be useless to return to the scene of

their rencontre, even if Philip had had time. So he contented himself with examining the hat as he sped up by the Elevated to his train at Forty-second Street, and was glad to find in it a hat-mark, the initials W. W. C., neatly embroidered on a band of dark garnet silk and ornamented with sprays of floss-silk vine. No one had ever embroidered a hat-mark for Philip, and the rightful owner of the misappropriated head-covering became at once invested with a sort of romance in Philip's mind. The hat of itself was anything but romantic, being one of those hard, stiff Derbies, that seem to have been invented for no other purpose than to counteract any possible good looks on the part of the owner. "W. W. C." Philip pondered not a little over these cabalistic signs of feminine care and interest; he examined them so closely, indeed, that, after the manner of ardent explorers, he made an unlooked-for discovery. Under the little silken band was tucked firmly a slip of folded paper. Thinking it might contain perhaps the full complement of the initials, Philip opened and read it. A great flush passed over his face, and his heart quickened with sympathy. On the paper were written these words, in a delicately feminine hand:

"Will—if you care to preserve this little souvenir, you will some time know that I love you; too late, perhaps, for happiness, but not too late for truth. God grant that you may safely cross the ocean, and cross back again to me."

That was all. Philip's ardent soul thrilled with tenderness as he reverently replaced the little scrap of paper in its hiding-place, and continued to look down at it, like one in a dream. How could he put it on again, with this sad secret hovering above his brain? It seemed a sacrilege that he, a stranger, should be crowned even temporarily with this "burden of an honor into which he was not born." Of course, necessity compelled him to wear it until he could procure one of his own, but the pathos of those few yearning words gave him no peace. Even when he had ceased to be conscious of their actual proximity to his curly dark locks, and was again his own man, at least to the extent of a new Derby, he was not rid of their haunting spell. The advertisements he paid for in behalf of "W. W. C." would have purchased half a dozen hats, but they brought him no sign nor token from the missing owner; and as time wore on, the strange hat with its pathetic secret lay hidden in a box in Philip's wardrobe, and became a thing of the past.

Meanwhile Fate, spinning her web of many tissues, spun for Philip, among other things, a hat-mark of his own. It was very pretty, and very, very precious, and Philip felt like a king who is for the first time crowned with his royal inheritance when he knew that he was adjudged worthy to wear the favor of slender lily fingers whose lightest touch had thrilled him like a concentration of electric batteries. Fate's name, on this occasion, was Myra Browne. She was fair and light-haired, with pretty gray eyes, and a soft independence of mind and manner. Philip had fallen in love with her at first sight, but she had only grown by slow degrees from indifference to interest, from interest to friendship, from friendship to love, that next step is scarcely perceptible, but her progress eventually resulted in a glorious attainment for Philip. He could scarcely trust himself to the contemplation of his own bliss when he realized that the happiness of this strong yet delicate and impassioned soul was given into his keeping.

"I bring you the first real love of my heart," she said, looking him through and through with her clear, sincere gray eyes. "Always remember this, Philip—the first real love of my heart."

Philip stood abashed before the purity of her gaze, remembering how he had written poems to this girl and that, and pressed pretty hands with a fervor that now rose up to accuse him.

He sighed deeply, having in reality nothing to sigh about, but a wholly unnecessary activity of conscience, which is often worse than its proportionate degree of languor.

Philip had been two years in possession of the mysterious, secret-laden Derby, and five months married, before these circumstances found any relation to each other. He was looking through his wardrobe one day, and came out to Myra with the hat in his hand, and sitting down, began to tell her its romantic history. Myra listened with her needle suspended and her lips apart, her face paling and flushing with warm womanly sympathy. Her pretty eyes filled with tears as she read the little written scrap Philip placed in her hand. She went over it silently two or three times, with a very sad, compassionate glance; then, to Philip's amazement, tore the paper into shreds and threw them from her out of the window. The wind lost no time in carrying them away.

"Myra!" he looked almost wildly after the flying pieces. "What in the world induced you to do that?"

"It was the right thing to do, dear," she answered, with quivering lips. "No woman should betray her heart in that way. If I ever could be tempted to forget pride and dignity so foolishly, I would be obliged to any one who would destroy the evidence of my folly."

"But supposing I should find the owner—the person to whom that paper was addressed?"

"That isn't likely now, Philip; of course, if you do find him, you could tell him. But, Philip," looking earnestly at her husband, "if I were you, I would never tell *any one* else. Such things seem pretty and interesting; but they are more than that. They belong to the heart's deep experience, and we should not hold them lightly to talk of and smile at. No, I think the poor girl who wrote those impulsive words would be glad to know they are destroyed. Believe me, Philip," smiling at him gently, "women can judge for women. I have done what is right."

Philip's answer was his usual one when Myra looked particularly pretty, as she did just now.

"You are an angel," he said, afterwards, "and, of course, you are right; but I am thinking of the man's side, don't you see? That message belonged to him, whoever, wherever he is, and I would never think of stopping it on its way. To my masculine view it seems, don't you know, a little like—like robbing the mails."

"It isn't like that at all," said Myra, in a mildly argumentative tone. "I wouldn't do *that* myself. And, besides, if the mails are going to bring trouble to people, they ought to be robbed—the sooner the better."

"Oh, my dear girl!" said Philip, laughing.

"Well, of course!" rejoined Myra, decidedly. "But it is so hard to make men understand things as they really are. Philip!"

"Yes, my love."

"I want you to promise me that you won't tell any one—*any one*—about that scrap of writing, unless you find the person for whom it was intended. I want you to promise this for the poor foolish woman's sake. Won't you, dearest?"

"I promise—for this poor foolish woman's sake," said Philip, looking down with rapture at her lifted eyes; and he was nearer to the truth than he knew.

One bright Sunday morning not long after this, when there was a cradle in their house, and in it a little golden head, worth all the rest of the gold in the world, a card was brought to Mrs. Northam. It bore the name of Walker W. Carroll. She passed it to her husband with a shade of annoyance on her face.

"Ah, this is your old friend, Carroll, I suppose—the one you have spoken of so often?" he remarked, pleasantly.

"Yes, I hadn't heard that he was back from England, though," Myra was running a brush over her hair, and looking at her face in the glass as she spoke. "I wonder if his wife is with him? But what an hour to call! It can't be half-past nine."

"Lucky we were up," said Philip, with a laugh; "or, rather, thanks to that brigand and pirate in the cradle there. He never seems to enjoy his sleep until he has robbed us of ours. Sha'n't I go down and receive your friend, if you don't feel quite ready, Myra."

"I am quite ready now, thanks," said Myra, promptly; "and don't leave the baby, please, till Maggie comes up."

She passed Philip in crossing to the door, turned back and kissed him, and went downstairs.

A tall, brown and bearded stranger was standing in the parlor, looking at the door expectantly as she entered, both hands outstretched in friendly welcome.

"Will!"

"Myra!"

"I am so glad—"

"Such a lovely surprise—"

"And how have you been?"

"I heard you were married."

"And you never wrote."

Who can reproduce the first hurried words of greeting after a long separation? Speech and smiles, and blushes and eager looks mingle inextricably. Everything is trying to get said at once. After a moment or two the mists of feeling clear a little; it is easier to speak, but not so imperative.

Myra sat down by her friend on a little sofa. The welcoming look had not quite gone out of her face when she said, impressively:

"Will, I must ask you something now. Do you remember the little hat-mark I made you before you went away? I put it in your hat myself the night before you sailed."

"Do I remember? I should think so! But imagine what happened. The very next morning I lost my hat. It was knocked off my head and picked up by another man."

"Yes, I know," said Myra, quickly; "by my husband—by Philip Northam."

"You don't say so! Your husband? And I got his hat in exchange. Ha! ha! The long-lost hat! It's about time we should return them, now."

But Myra was not smiling; she sat clasping and unclasping her hands, nervously.

"Will, did you notice—did you examine my little gift very closely?" she asked, with strange hesitancy. "You know, I fastened it in myself."

"Yes, I know. It was awfully kind of you, too. I felt so sorry to think I couldn't have kept it!"

"And—and you are sure you didn't see anything else with it?—anything *except* the hat-mark?"

She spoke slowly, searching his face with her eyes.

"Anything else?" he repeated, wonderingly. "What kind of a thing, for instance? I don't understand."

She looked at him, now, with the brightest smile he had ever seen her wear.

"Oh, isn't fate strange, Will? isn't it strange—and good? It won't let us have our own way; it snatches from us the things we covet, but only to give us something so much better. I am glad for everything, though—everything!"

"What a remarkable state of mind! Do you think you could explain your meaning a little?"

"No," she said, joyously; "I never can; I never will! I am too thankful! And then," she added, deprecatingly, "a woman must always be mysterious, you know."

"She always is, I know."

"She must be," insisted Myra, gently. "The conditions of her life are such. And, Will, I am going to ask you now to be a little bit mysterious, too."

"But wherefore shouldst thou?" He gave her a comical look of dismay.

"That I can't tell you; either; only, if Philip—if my husband should ever show you—should ever tell you his romance of a hat, it has nothing to do

with you! You never had a like experience; no girl ever gave you a hat-mark, or, if she did, you never lost it. Do you understand?"

"I don't, in the least; but I can follow instructions. Will that answer?"

"It is all I could ask," she answered, smiling on him gratefully. "And one other thing. You will not mind if I call you Walker, instead of Will, as I need to?"

"Walker is a frightful name!" he said, resignedly. "My wife calls me that when she wants to tease me. I suppose I can bear it, if I must."

"Oh, tell me about your wife, Walker," was Myra's reply. "And to think you married an English girl! I know she must be charming. And you will like my dear, lovely Philip. He is so splendid and so good."

"Of course. Well, do you know, Myra, I often used to wonder what sort of a man you ever would really care for. You seemed so hard to suit."

"Did I?" asked Myra, with a deep, deep blush. "Philip suits me."

It was rather strange, when the time came for Mr. Carroll to examine his long-lost and oft-regretted Derby, to do so with an air of ignorance, to try it on at the mirror, and become aware that it fitted him, and to further discover that the embroidered initials were the same as his own. And still more strange was it, in view of these coincidences, to receive from the hand of Mr. Northam his own property as a gift.

"I am pretty sure never to find the real owner now," Philip said, thoughtfully. "The hat's an excellent hat, and enough in style. And as the initials belong to you, why, I really think you ought to wear it out, hat-mark and all. And especially as it fits you so well."

"It does fit me," said Mr. Carroll, looking down confidentially at the hat as the sharer of a secret. But, for the matter of that, the hat had a secret of its own.

THE TROUBLE ON THE RIO GRANDE.

THE situation of affairs at Paso del Norte, on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, remains substantially unchanged. Editor Cutting still remains in prison, whence he has sent out appeals for help to the Governor of Texas. He appears to be closely watched by the authorities, who have set guards to prevent any attempt at rescue, and have also, it is reported, concentrated small bodies of troops in the vicinity. The feeling in Texas is still a good deal inflamed, and there is much loud talk about war, but this excited feeling is confined, apparently, to the rougher class of the population, the business men and property-holders showing little sympathy with the belligerent clamor. Adventurers and desperate characters are flocking from all quarters to El Paso and Paso del Norte, and it is possible that a collision may yet be provoked between the Mexicans and Texans, but the probabilities are that the difficulty will be settled without a resort to violence. Cutting's counsel has given notice that he will appeal the case to the Supreme Court of Chihuahua. The statement is made, but lacks confirmation, that the Mexican Government, through a communication received from Minister Jackson, has requested the authorities at Washington to send a special envoy to Mexico, who can investigate impartially the legal questions involved in the Cutting controversy and report thereon. The Cabinet may agree to this course, and, meanwhile, no action of any kind will be taken by either country.

THE CRUISE OF THE YACHTS.

THE cruise of the New York Yacht Club, beginning at New London on Thursday, the 5th inst., and ending at Marblehead on Saturday, the 14th, brought together the largest fleet of yachts that ever started in a similar event under the auspices of that organization. A notable feature was the large number of steam-yachts present. The run to Newport, on the first day, was made through fine weather, but there was not wind enough to make it a real test of the sailing qualities of the four big sloops. The *Priscilla* won it, beating the *Mayflower* 45s., the *Puritan* 27m. 48s., and the *Atlantic* 27m. 35s. The race for the Goelet Cup, on Saturday, resulted in a victory for the *Mayflower*, with the *Puritan* second, and the *Atlantic* third. The schooner prize (the Goelet Cup) was won by the *Grayling*, the *Montauk* coming in second. The run of the fleet from the Brenton's Reef Lightship to Clark's Point, off New Bedford Harbor, on Monday, the 9th inst., was the quickest ever made. The *Puritan* led the sloops (time, 2:38:52), and the *Sachem* the schooners. The *Priscilla* carried off high honors, coming in close behind the winning sloop. The *Galatea*, from Marblehead, joined the fleet at New Bedford, and was welcomed with bells, guns and flags. The next day the fleet had a fine run to Vineyard Haven, and the two Boston sloops beat their New York rivals. The *Mayflower* was 2m. 35s. ahead of the *Puritan*, 7m. 42s. ahead of the *Priscilla*, and 11m. 58s. ahead of the *Atlantic*. The *Sachem* defeated the *Montauk*. The *Galatea* accompanied the fleet, but did not hurry herself. Wednesday was another good day, and the run back to Newport was a very lively one. Again the *Mayflower* and the *Sachem* were the winners. The latter is a new Boston schooner, and yachtsmen already regard her as a wonder. On Thursday the yachts started for Marblehead, where the cruise ended on Saturday in the grand union regatta.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

NAVAL MANOEUVRES AT PORTSMOUTH.

An effective display of manoeuvres of maritime warfare was recently given at Portsmouth, England, by the Royal Navy and the Royal Marines, for the entertainment of some six hundred persons, officers of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition now holding in London. One of the features of the occasion was a torpedo attack upon the double-turreted ship *Colossus*, which was entirely surrounded by crinoid wire net booms, projecting thirty feet from the ship. At a given signal, the first-class torpedo-boats, ten in number, which had crept up within a short distance, and sought to approach still nearer, in order to launch the torpedoes against her broadside. Being perceived, however, a terrific fire was opened on them by the

rapid-firing the Gardner next experiment of circuit-closed represents their self-gratified by an enemy among the exploding bound at the count given track sink the which were one hundred

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M. DRUMOT ter as he is admit that a learning and French nobl that it is im rate-artistocr de Morny is pation and d from the tr ratified in 18 later, howev solemn meeti rembled for the Temple there was not ousmote obe The first ac proceeded to does it con

rapid-firing and machine-guns of the ship, two of the Gardner's being mounted on the tops. The next experiment was intended to represent the method of exploding ground mines by means of circuit-closers; the bumping of an enemy's ship, represented by two steam-pinnaces, serving to complete the electric current and to perpetrate their self-destruction. The visitors were further gratified by an exhibition of the method of clearing an enemy's harbor by dropping counter-mines among the submarine mines and simultaneously exploding them. To illustrate this, the *Bloodhound* and the *Vesuvius*, towing barges carrying the counter-mining apparatus, steamed along a given track spaced one hundred yards apart, and sunk the strings of the mines. These mines, which were supposed to have a radial effect of one hundred yards, were then exploded.

THE STATUE OF VICTOR EMMANUEL AT GENOA.

On the 14th of January, 1878, the Communal Council of Genoa approved the project for the erection of a memorial of Victor Emmanuel. Five thousand dollars were contributed by individuals, and \$100,000 by the Ligurian Commission. It was decided to erect an equestrian statue in the centre of the Piazza Corvetto. Twenty-six models were sent in by sculptors, and the prize was awarded to that of Francis Barzaghi and Louis Pagni. A clay figure of the actual size was set up on the proposed site, and met every desire. The model was then again prepared, and on the 15th of July, 1885, was delivered to a firm of founders in Milan. The bronze being made under the supervision of Professor Denegri. The casting was completed in December, 1885. Meanwhile the pedestal had been erected. It is 6.82 meters in height, and the bronze figure 6.20, weighing 103,000 kilograms. The inscription on the front is: "To King Victor Emmanuel II., Founder of National Unity, the Genoese." On the right side we read: "Cornerstone Laid May 22d, 1885"; on the left: "This Monument Dedicated July 18th, 1886. The inauguration was performed with great pomp in presence of His Majesty King Humbert.

SHIITE MOHAMMEDANS BEARING THEIR DEAD TO KERBELA.

Kerbela is a town of Asiatic Turkey, situated on an ancient canal from the Euphrates, and about twenty-eight miles northwest of the ruins of Babylon. It contains the mosque and tomb of Hussein, son of Ali, the nephew of Mohammed, and is on that account a holy city of the Shiites. Contrary to the belief of the Sunnites, or orthodox Moslems, the Shiites hold that the Imam, or supreme rule, upon the death of the Prophet was vested in Ali; and that the Caliphs Abu Bekr, Omar and Othman were pretenders and usurpers. After the death of Ali, his two sons, Hassan and Hussein, were assassinated by the disciples of Omar—the one at Medina, the other at Kerbela. To the latter place the Shiites bring their dead from the remotest parts of Persia, and even from India, that they may enjoy the posthumous luxury of repose in ground sanctified by proximity to Hussein's tomb. Our illustration is from a sketch made by Madame Dienlafoy at a caravanary on the route from Bagdad to Kerbela. The adventurous Frenchwoman, journeying to the site of ancient Babylon, noticed a number of odd-looking bales which the Shiite pilgrims had deposited in the arcades of the caravanary, while they rested within. Examining the infectious-scented packages more closely, she was startled to discover that each one contained a human corpse.

THE ITALIAN TORPEDO-RAM "IL VESUVIO."

This vessel, just completed, is the third one constructed by the Italian Government after the plan of the Naval Engineer Vigna. It measures 91 meters 16 centimeters in length—nearly 300 feet—by 13.16 meters at the greatest width—say 40 feet. The screw propeller is worked by two engines of 7,700-horse-power. It is now rapidly approaching completion. The armament will consist of one cannon at the bow and one at the stern, each of 25 centimeters—9-inch—bore, and six others of 15 centimeters diameter at the bow. It carries also several mitrailleuses.

A NEW DUST OF RABELAIS.

A statue of Rabelais has long been the pride of the little town of Chinon, where the immortal author of the story of Gargantua and Pantagruel was born. Last month a fine bust was "inaugurated"—or, as we say, unveiled—at Meudon, near Paris, where he occupied a curacy in his latter days. This bust, of which we give an engraving, is by M. Truphème; and the sculptor succeeded well in rendering the strong, sensual, laughing physiognomy of the great satirist.

THE FEAST OF THE HOLY ROSARY AT ALPACHTHAL TYROL.

The Rosary is the most general devotion to the Virgin Mary in Catholic countries, embracing as it does meditations on the Life of Christ and the whole scheme of Redemption. To this concert of prayer, the victories over the Mohammedans at Lepanto and Vienna were ascribed, so that especially in Germany the Sunday set apart as the Feast of the Rosary is celebrated with pomp and with feelings of earnest devotion. The picturesque illustration shows the procession bearing the statues of the Crucified and the Madonna, and the symbolical Crowns of Roses, as it reaches a wayside shrine, where the priest, bearing in a monstrance the Eucharist, turns to let the blessing descend on the kneeling worshippers. In the rugged Tyrol mountains faith is still strong, and the external ceremonials, which once all through Europe appealed so powerfully to the minds of believers, still linger, potent as of old, while they have ceased in most other lands.

"LA FRANCE JUIVE."

M. DRUMONT, author of "Jewish France," bitter as he is against the Israelites, is obliged to admit that as a rule the meanest Jew has more learning and education in his little finger than a French nobleman in his whole body. He adds that it is impossible to conceive the utter ignorance and intellectual stagnation of this degenerate aristocracy, of which the ballet-dancing Duc de Morny is an excellent specimen. The emancipation and naturalization of the Jews in France date from the year 1795, and were subsequently ratified in 1807 by the Emperor Napoleon I. The latter, however, did not consent thereto until a solemn meeting of the Sanhedrim, which then assembled for the first time since the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, had guaranteed that there was nothing in their religion to prevent their absolute obedience to the laws of the country. The first act of this great Sanhedrim, before they proceeded to business, was particularly touching, since it consisted of a vote of thanks and warm

gratitude to the Pope and to those of his predecessors at the Vatican who throughout the Christian era had always raised their voice on behalf of the much-persecuted race to which Christ belonged. In 1808 Napoleon issued a decree ordering that within three months all the Jews in the Empire should adopt and register both first names and surnames, prohibiting them, however, from making use of any name taken from the Old Testament for the purpose. Many took the names of cities, which accounts for the large number of Israelites named Lyon, Lisbonne, Paris, etc. About twenty years previously, Joseph II. had issued a similar decree in Austria-Hungary, and the Government officials had made a large profit by allowing those who paid well to adopt pretty names, such as Strauss (wreath of flowers), Edelstein (jewel), Wohlgeruch (perfume) and Goldader (vein of gold), whilst those who declined to contribute the necessary quota received such names as Gaigenvogel (gallows-bird), Saufer (drunkard), etc. With reference to first names, Maurice took the place of Moses, Isidore that of Isaac, Edward that of Aaron, James that of Jacob, and Alphonse that of Adam. Meyer means in Hebrew shining or brilliant, and this accounts for the large number of Jews who have adopted it. It is reported that on one occasion a gentleman at Berlin arrived too late at one of the theatres to get a place. Determined to see the piece comfortably, he went to one of the doors opening on the parterre and shouted in a loud tone of voice: "Gentlemen, Mr. Meyer's house is on fire!" Immediately over two hundred of the audience rose, and with blanched faces rushed out of the building to see if it was their house which was burning, of course leaving their seats to the wicked practical joker.

The whole of the French railways are in Hebrew hands, the Chemins de Fer du Nord, de l'Est, and the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranee, belonging almost in their entirety to the Rothschild clique, whilst even the state railroads are controlled by Jew inspectors-general, such as the Deputy Etienne. All the theatres, including the National Opera and the Théâtre Français, are managed by Israelites, and the most prominent French actors belong to the Hebrew race. An exception must, however, be made in favor of the well-known actor Frederick, who, being one night somewhat tipsy, caused a considerable clamor and hissing on the part of the audience. In nowise abashed, and rendered reckless by the wine imbibed, he stepped forward to the prompter's box, and removing his wig with an absolutely royal gesture, solemnly blew his nose therein, thereby provoking shouts of laughter and expressions of good-will on the part of the public.

Ladies will be interested to learn that all the fashionable dressmakers are Jews. Laferrière's real name is Kahn; Madame Rodriguez belongs to the Portuguese rite, and of course Felix is a member of the elect. Nothing is more amusing than the birthday of one of these great artists, who no longer content themselves with merely designing a dress, but, according to the most recent expression, "edit" it. During the whole morning *bonbonnières*, *bric-a-brac* and floral offerings of every kind arrive addressed to the "editor," whilst in the afternoon all the great ladies of the Faubourg assemble in the dressmaker's salons and overwhelm her with congratulations conched in the most endearing and affectionate terms.

All the grand old French wines belong to the Jews: thus the Château Lafitte belongs to Gustave Rothschild, the Mouton to his cousin James, whilst the Romanée belongs to Baron Alphonse.

NOVEL GUN-CARRIAGES.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican says: "A carriage is now being made at the armory here under the supervision of Colonel Buffington, which is exceedingly ingenious and novel in its action. It is made entirely of metal, chiefly steel, and will weigh 1,200 pounds. The recoil of the carriage, which, when unchecked, reaches thirty feet, is stopped within three feet by means of automatic brakes, much to the convenience and safety of the server and the efficiency of the charge. The prompt action of these brakes, and the remarkable lightness of the whole contrivance, considering the severe strain to which it is put, are the most notable features. As soon as a model can be constructed that will stand the test the carriages will be manufactured as fast as possible. Twenty of the new 320 breechloaders are nearly finished at the Watervliet Arsenal, and it is hoped that they may be issued with their improved carriages to five of the light batteries in the Fall.

Brevet Colonel E. B. Williston, Major of the Third Artillery, is at the armory, assisting in the designing of a carriage on which it will be possible to mount any machine gun now used in the service, or which may be adopted hereafter. The problem to be solved in its construction has nothing to do with the recoil, as in the case of the field-piece carriage, for machine guns have no recoil. But the question is how to secure the greatest protection to the gunners, strength for the most arduous service, and the greatest mobility. In view of these requirements the carriage is fully armored, the wheels are covered with steel, and the gun detachment are protected by a steel shield; in short, the whole carriage is made of steel except the wheels. Colonel Williston proposes to make the limbers of his machine-guns and the supply-carts identical in every respect, so that any limber may be used as a supply-cart by detaching from the gun. The limber-chest opens on top, and the lid being made of steel 3-16 of an inch thick, it is an excellent shield, which, it is found, will stop rifle-bullets at 100 yards. The carriage will differ entirely from previous models, and will be provided, among other things, with a pintle hook, so that more than one gun may be drawn by one limber; this, that the guns may not be disabled in case they lose their limbers. The carriage will carry 2,000 rounds of ammunition intended as a reserve supply only to be used for desperate fighting. The limber is already made at Watervliet Arsenal."

CURIOUS JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

A JAPAN correspondent of the Baltimore American writes: "The lowest classes of Japanese are buried in a squatting position, in a sort of barrel. It is a mistake to suppose that the burying of the dead is universal in Japan. The rich and noble are buried in square coffins, the bodies being partially preserved from decay by filling the nose, ears and mouth with vermilion. After death, the person receives a new name. This name is 'Okuna,' or the accompanying name. It is customary on the occasion of the first visit to a house to carry a present to the owner, who gives something of equal value on returning the visit. Cats in Japan are found with stumps where there

should be tails. Sometimes this is the result of art, and sometimes the result of shortening. All the temples of Japan, as well as of China, have guests' apartments, which may be secured for a consideration, either for a short or long period of time. It is wrong to suppose that there is any desecration of a sacred shrine for the purpose of using it as a hostelry: it is the custom of the country. The practice of suicide by disemboweling is of great antiquity. On entering a Japanese house the native removes his sword, leaving only his dirk. The rooms of the houses are divided by paper screens, which form partitions, and they may be made into one room at will. No people are more fond of the bath than the Japanese."

THE WORK THE SWISS WOMAN DOES.

HENRY WATTSERON writes to the *Louisville Courier-Journal*: "The stranger in Switzerland will be struck at once by the beauty of the country and the ugliness of the women. Here Nature seems to have spent herself upon inanimate objects and to have had no material left for humanity, which she composed out of the debris left over after she had constructed the *mise en scene*. A pretty face, native and to the manner born, is rarely, if ever, seen upon the streets of Berne. The women appear to do all the work. It is not unusual to see a girl and a dog hitched to a cart trotting along together like a pair of ponies. The men, great strapping fellows, idle and lazy, loaf about the brasseries. Their wives, daughters and sisters till the fields and supply the markets. The dog, the goat and the cow perform the offices commonly performed in other lands by the horse, the ox and the mule. The bear is a sacred animal. So is the lion. The donkey does fancy duty at the Summer resorts. But there is nothing to which the Swiss woman may not turn her hand, from milking a goat to sawing a cord of wood and drawing a load of hay. She is put to work in her childhood, and before she reaches her maturity she looks like a grandmother, wrinkled and weather-beaten, bent and careworn. This circumstance, appearing at every turning and written upon each countenance, leaves a painful impression and discredits the national character. A people so independent and so brave, so unaffected and so frugal as the Swiss are admitted to be, ought to be gentler."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

The petrified skeleton of a whale over thirty feet long has been discovered by an officer of the Coast Survey on a range of mountains in Monterey County, Cal., over 3,800 feet above the sea-level.

M. DE LESSEPS declares that he is eminently satisfied with the result of the subscription to his new Panama Canal loan. He says it has placed \$40,000,000 in the treasury of the company, and with this and the \$15,000,000 payable on assessments of shares in September he expects to carry the works to a point which will satisfy the world of the practicability of opening the canal in 1889. M. de Lesseps calculates on being able to easily borrow enough to complete the work on favorable terms.

The state of affairs in Burmah is, and has been ever since the British occupation, one of political discord and social confusion. In consequence of this, the British Government in India has decided to intrust the supreme command in Burmah to Major-general Sir Herbert Macpherson, Commander-in-chief in Madras. Five thousand troops will be sent into the country as soon as the cold season sets in, to drive out or subdue the insurgents, and 1,000 additional police will be sent from India to maintain order.

In acquiring Burmah, England has got possession of vast forests of teak, which, never plentiful in India, was becoming commercially very rare. Of all the woods grown in the East, this is the most valuable. It is neither too heavy nor too hard; it does not warp or split under exposure to heat and dampness; it contains an essential oil which prevents its rotting under wet conditions, and at the same time acts as a preservative to iron and repels the destructive white ants; it is, withal, a handsome wood, of several varieties of color and grain, and takes a good polish.

ACCORDING to the revised report of the Director of the Mint, Dr. James P. Kimball, for the fiscal year which closed June 30th, the production of silver in the United States was for the year 1885 \$51,600,000, as against \$48,800,000 for the year 1884, an increase of \$2,800,000. Of the total production the United States Mint, coined in "dollars" \$28,697,767, or fifty-six per cent. There was in the country January 1st, 1886, \$218,259,761 in silver dollars, of which the Treasury has, uncovered by certificates, \$72,538,925, and the people hold either in coin or certificates \$138,780,408. The rest is in the national banks.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

AUGUST 7th.—In Chicago, Ill., Philo Carpenter, pioneer citizen, aged 81 years; in Berlin, Germany, Prof. William Scherer, historian and author, aged 45 years. August 8th.—In New York, Charles A. Minton, financial editor of the *Herald*, aged 61 years; in New York, John F. Trow, publisher of the *Trow Directory*, aged 77 years. August 9th.—In Nantucket, Mass., Rev. Dr. Rufus M. Clark, of Albany, aged 74 years; in Angelica, N. Y., Captain J. T. Wright, aged 79 years; in Bowley, Mass., Rev. Randolph Campbell, senior pastor of the Fourth Religious Society of Newburyport, aged 77 years; in New York, Robert H. France, one of the oldest American actors, aged 81 years; in London, England, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Q.C., LL.D., President of the Royal Irish Academy, aged 76 years. August 10th.—In Princeton, N. J., Dr. John McLean, formerly President of the College of New Jersey, aged 86 years; in Covington, Ky., ex-Governor John W. Stevenson, aged 73 years; in New York, ex-County Judge James Forsyth, of Troy, aged 70 years; in Cornwall, N. Y., Congressman Lewis Beach, aged 51 years. August 11th.—In New York, Frank Hastings Hamilton, A.M., M.D., LL.D., aged 73 years. August 12th.—In Newark, N. J., Joseph N. Tuttle, an old and prominent citizen, aged 78 years; in Danville, N. J., Dr. James H. McLean, millionaire patent-medicine manufacturer, aged 67 years; in Mount Vernon, N. Y., Rev. Dr. George C. Hollis, prominent Lutheran clergyman, aged 62 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Dr. Robert K. Colville, aged 76 years; in New York, Frederick A. Camerlen, produce merchant, August 13th.—In New York, Charles Irving Tappen, of the Petroleum Exchange, aged 45 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

WILLIAM W. ASTOR is reported to be writing a play.

MR. COX, United States Minister to Turkey, will go to Algeria shortly.

SENATOR EDMUNDS, with two companions, has just left Burlington, Vt., on a fishing-trip to the Canadian trout-streams.

GENERAL BOULANGER has been presented by comrades of the French Army with the insignia of the Legion of Honor in diamonds.

THE Prince of Wales has declined to accept a testimonial service of plate, valued at \$12,500, from the Commission of the Colonial Exhibition.

MR. GLADSTONE, who was returned to the British House of Commons by both Midlothian and Leith-Burgs, Scotland, has chosen to sit for the former district.

JOAQUIN MILLER has assumed the editorship of the *Golden Era*, a magazine published in San Francisco, Cal. It is the same magazine upon which Bret Harte made his debut.

THE President has commissioned James C. Matthews, colored, of Albany, N. Y., whose nomination was rejected by the Senate, to be Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia.

HENRY IRVING, the actor, accompanied by Miss Ellen Terry and two personal friends, arrived in New York last week, and will spend a fortnight in a yachting trip along the New England coast.

LIEUTENANT A. L. HOWARD, of Connecticut, who commanded a Gatling gun platoon in the war against Louis Riel, has received from the Canadian Government several medals commemorative of his services.

SECRETARY OF WAR ENDICOTT is known by only a few members of Congress. The doorkeeper of the House refused him admittance on a recent visit, and would not believe him when he said he was the Secretary of War.

MR. PENDLETON, United States Minister to Berlin, is going on a furlough to Switzerland. His daughter, who has recovered from the shock received on learning of her mother's tragic death in Central Park, will accompany him.

FUNDS are being raised in Texas for a monument to the memory of General Thomas J. Rusk, who was Secretary of War, Commander-in-chief and Chief-justice, successively, of the Texas Republic, and afterwards United States Senator.

EX-SPEAKER KEIFER has withdrawn from the contest for the Congressional nomination in the Eighth Ohio District. He found that if he remained in the field he would be beaten by Lieutenant-governor Kennedy, and he made a virtue of necessity.

SENATOR JONES of Florida is to open a law office in Detroit. He has written Governor Perry of Florida saying he will not be a candidate for re-election before the next Legislature, and unless necessary, in order to dispose of his property, will not return to Florida.

JOHN BRIGHT's personal popularity does not appear to have been much impaired by his recent political course. A guinea-limit subscription has been taken up in the Reform Club to procure a life-sized painting of him to place by the side of Cobden's portrait in the Central Hall.

It is announced that the Duc d'Aumale has entered into negotiations respecting the purchase of the Château of Gasbeck, situate about two leagues from Brussels. The château belongs to the Marquise d'Arconati, daughter of M. Peyrat, a French Senator. The château is surrounded by a magnificent park, and has underground galleries which extend for several leagues.

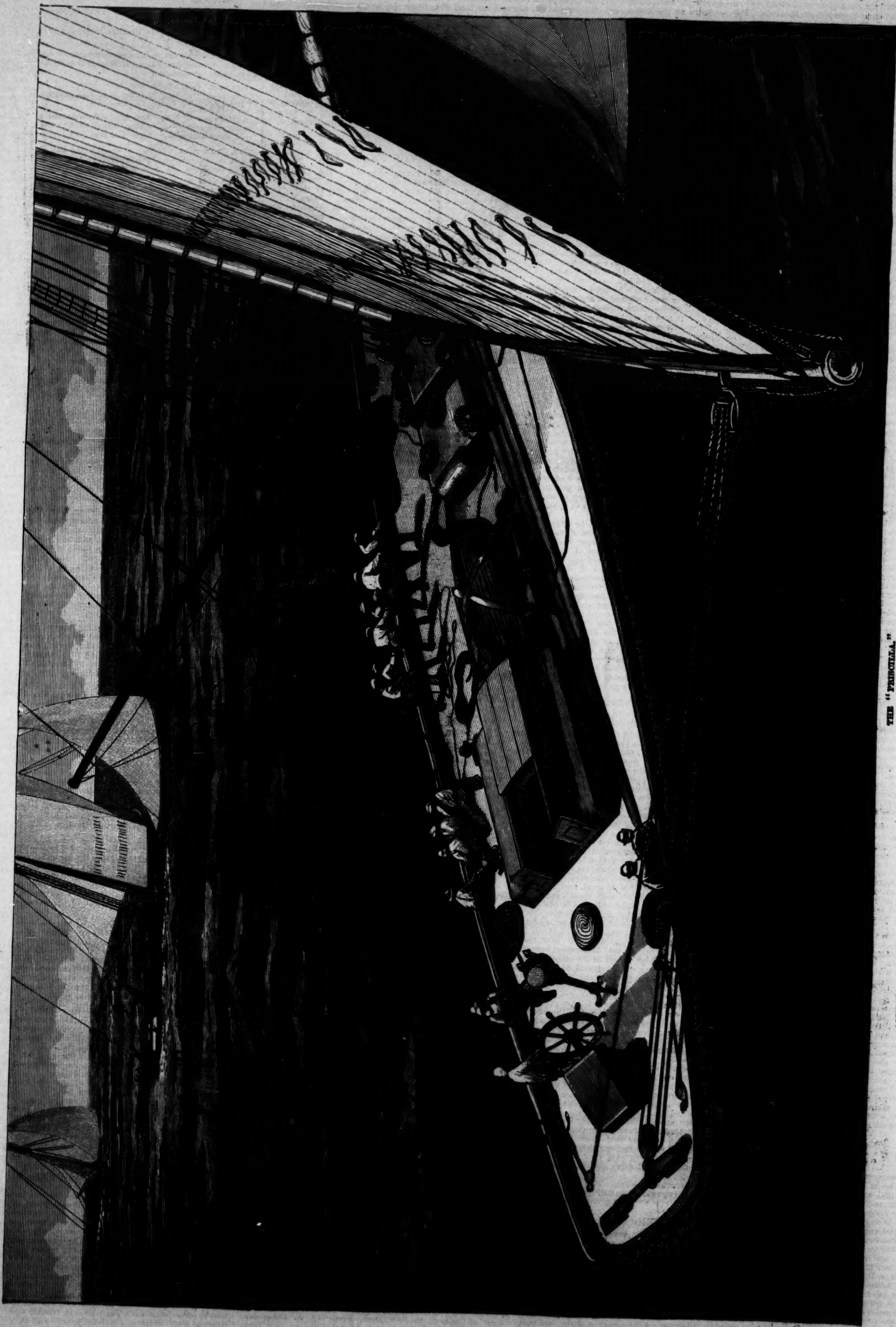
THOSE who had a notion that Mr. Tilden lived only for himself and thought of little but his own comfort, will be surprised to know that he carried a pretty heavy pension-roll of relatives, and was generous in loans and advances to his father's family and to the families of his brothers. Nearly all the obligations thus incurred, amounting to nearly \$450,000, are wiped out by the will.

THE grave of President Harrison is on a knoll near North Bend, Ind., twelve miles below there, unprotected by even a fence from the meandering cows of the village. A movement is now being pushed to remove the body to Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, about the time Chief-justice Chase's body is taken there. Senator Harrison is understood to favor the removal of his grandfather's body.

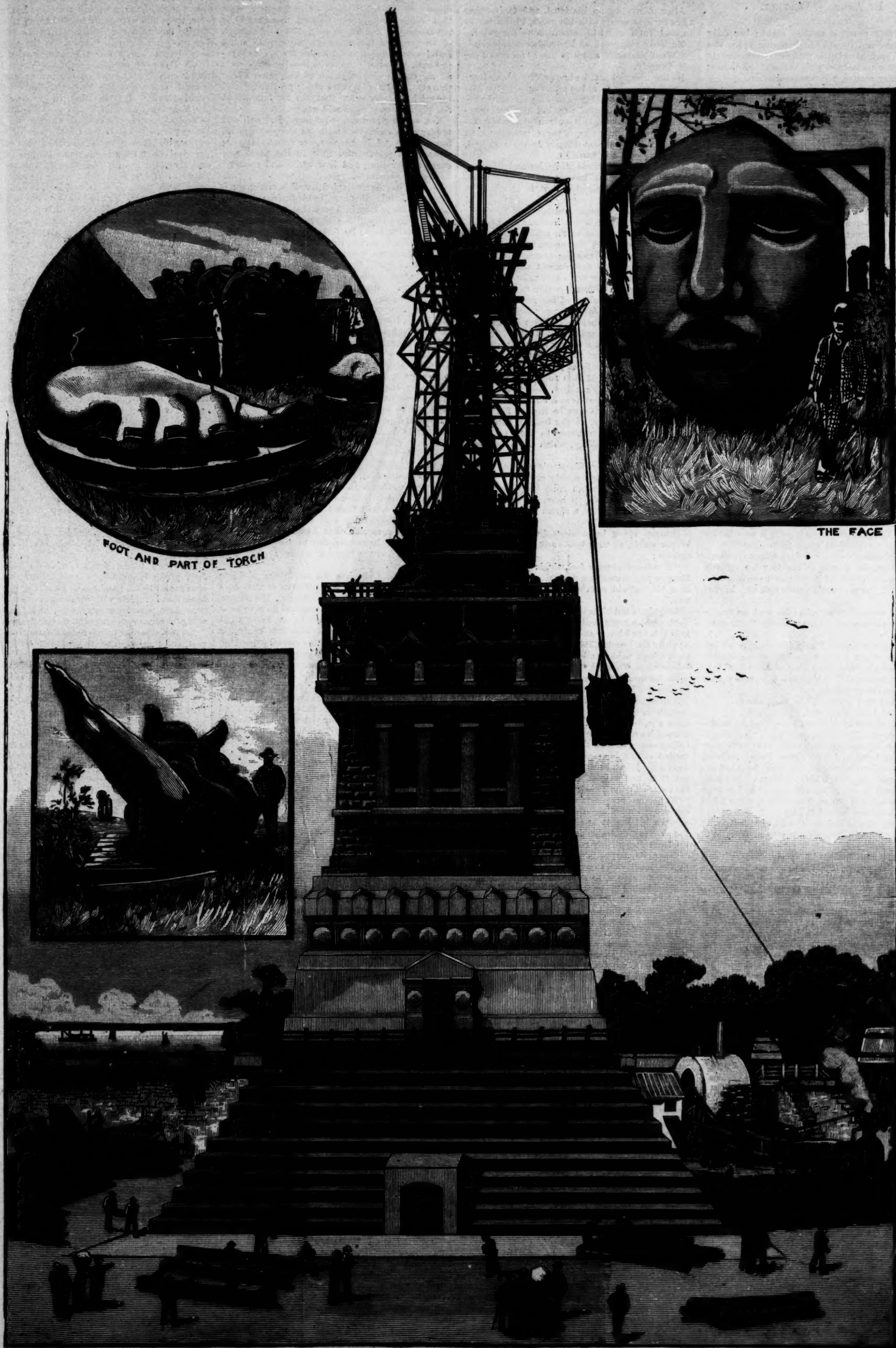
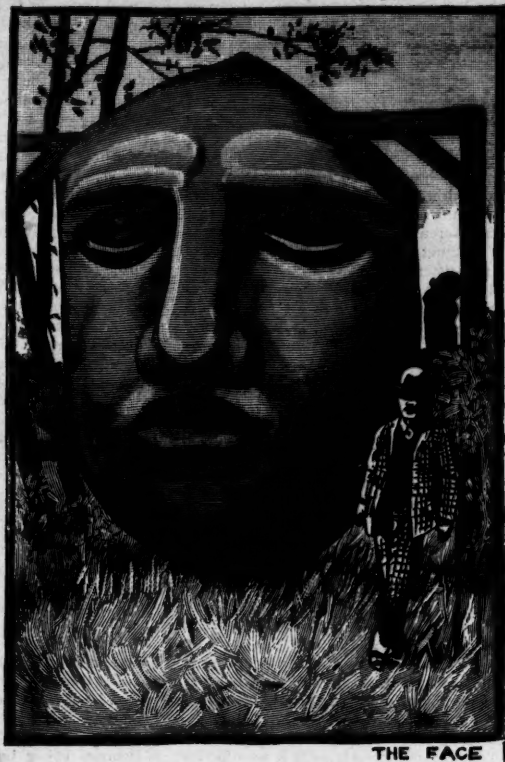
MR. A. M. KEILEY, of Virginia, successively nominated for Minister to Italy and Minister to Austria, and objected to by both Governments, has been appointed a member of the International Court at Cairo, Egypt, established for the trial of mixed civil cases arising between persons of different foreign nationalities, and suits of foreigners against natives, the Egyptian Government and members of the Khedival family.

THE Paris correspondent of the *New York Tribune* writes: "The Pasteur boom is visibly on the wane. Subscriptions for the Institute do not pour in. I do not think the second million of francs for which he asks will be completed. He has already obtained 1,260,000 francs, or \$252,000. There is no falling off, however, in the number of persons who apply to him to be inoculated. Pasteur admits in his last report that out of 1,630 persons inoculated by him, twelve have died of rabies. Having watched long and carefully what has gone on at his laboratory, between ten and eleven, every day since last November, I do not shrink from pronouncing most of the cases in which life has been preserved as frivolous. Where 'cures' have been wrought, imagination much more than Pasteur helped the vital energies to react against the bite."

A New York World dispatch says: "Admiral Porter still remains in Washington, hard at work on his book. A friend of the admiral told me the other day of a very interesting characteristic of this chief officer of the navy. He is not very approachable to general callers. He is very brusque and is not in the habit of seeing every one who calls, no matter how important or how prominent he may be; but he has one standing order, that any sailor who has served in the navy has a right to come right into his room without sending in a card or knocking at the door. The admiral in doing his work is often interrupted by this class of callers. Sometimes, when he is in the midst of a sentence, the door will fly open to give admission to some burly Jack Tar who is in trouble and who has come to the admiral for relief—and they always find relief. He seems to regard the sailors of the navy as his children."



THE "PRISCILLA."
ANNUAL CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—THE RACE FROM NEWPORT TO NEW BEDFORD.
SEE PAGE 6.



NEW YORK.—PROGRESS OF THE WORK ON BARTHOLOMEW'S STATUE OF "LIBERTY," BEDLOE'S ISLAND.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 10.

"JACK AND JILL."

BY ANNIE J. DUFFELL.

CHAPTER V.

TEMPEST passes a restless night; her duty done—and to win which saving grace she did such hard battle with self—immediately she becomes tormented with thoughts as to how Dempsey may receive her communication.

To one of her violent and dominant temperament, to pocket her pride sufficiently to confess her error to this man is the greatest acknowledgment she could accord his services. And though she has shown the flag of truce, under Jack's healthy example, and the memory of that season of peril, still that rankling sense of strife—that bitter resentment, now the outcome, it is possible, of a more personal sentiment than the musty feud of her ancestors—burns in her heart for Dempsey! He has shown himself to be her superior in point of politeness and self-possession—he has evinced an utter indifference as to whether or not she smoke the calumet of peace, and has distinctly refused to give utterance to one conciliating sentiment; and on one or two miserable occasions he has thrust her about as though she had been a bale of cotton; under these atrocities what wonder if the offense of thirty years' standing takes—metaphorically—a back seat? if it sinks into insignificance, until invested with its old importance under the fear of losing the Rock House? But, as has been hinted, for at least forty-eight hours that fear has been vanquished by the more individual sentiments aroused by Dempsey's manner to herself.

Early next morning she is regaled with the sight of Philip striding down the mountain-side towards the Rock House. A complacent smile touches her lips; what else is fetching Montclair at this early hour, if he is not burdened with his handsome guest's grateful acceptance of her apology?

As Montclair enters, she runs to him with a radiant face and an outstretched hand. Very much surprised and almost upset by the unusual warmth of this greeting, the future baronet fervently accepts that dainty member, and holds it tight; for whatever resources of evil future developments may prove his nature as possessing, he loves Tempest as sincerely as it is possible for him to love any object apart from himself.

The girl makes a gesture of impatience; cosmopolitan that she almost is, she is yet singularly free from instincts of *finesse* or concealment—worldly diplomacy finds no existence in her nature.

"That man—Dempsey; has he sent no word—no acknowledgment of my apology?" she asks, eagerly.

Her words act upon Philip like a douse of ice-water; he drops her hand, stares at her blankly for a moment; then his sullen temperament getting the better of him, his swarthy countenance grows positively vicious.

"He has sent no word," he says, calmly.

Tempest looks staggered.

"Well, at least you can tell me what he said—how he took it," she says, rallying. "Not that it is of any moment to me; only, what with your mother and pappy, I have almost been convinced that I may have wronged him—that he is not the venal, rapacious wretch his father was. But if he has refused to accept my apology—if he has been mean enough to push me lower down, when I had already humbled myself to him—" She pauses in a panic of shocked vanity and wounded pride, while her eyes blaze with a mortified fire.

Philip is silent.

"Tell me this instant," she commands, with all the imperiousness that has so captivated his rather selfish and haughty nature, "what transpired when you delivered the note. It was my apology—I have the right to know."

"The note was tossed upon the ground. Had it been mine, I would not have so degraded it," is his low and—it will be conceded—truthful reply.

"He threw it there?" interrogates Tempest, with compressed lips.

Philip elevates his brows.

"Who else had the disposal of it?"

It is evident that the girl is making a mighty struggle with her wrathful spirit before she speaks. "And what did he say?" she inquires, goorn blazing in her scarlet, fierce, small face. "Perhaps, before he discarded it, he showed it to you, and indulged in a roar over the particularly good joke?"

Montclair is silent, but the expression of his countenance might mislead a more astute reader of physiognomy than Tempest—it surely says that her conjecture is not far wrong.

She stands for an instant panting with fury. Her next movement is, perhaps, not one of dignity or, possibly, even of refinement. But it must be remembered that from childhood she has been but an undisciplined, uncontrolled little tyrant, carefully inculcated by her father and his friends with the idea that she is a power in her world.

She goes to the table, seats herself, seizes upon writing materials, and indites another note to the unhappy Dempsey.

It is bitter, scathing in its insolence; it gives Mr. Hugh Dempsey the writer's opinion of him with unflattering candor; it forbids him her presence; it exalts that even in the "presence of death her repugnance to him was invincible." This powerful pen *opere* of Miss Dempsey's sentiments is delivered to Philip, and, it may be readily conceived, receives more faithful treatment at that gentleman's hands than the former communication.

Accordingly, Hugh is placed in possession of his kinswoman's tender *billet doux* exactly sixty minutes after it leaves her hostile hand.

At this moment, quite recovered from any effects of his hard pull through the water forty-eight hours previously, Dempsey is standing by

the lodge-gate, awaiting the appearance of Simpson, the keeper, with whom he is to go hunting for a young sea-fowl.

After delivering up his trust, and exchanging a few careless words with his guest, Philip moves on, and Hugh turns his attention to the letter.

He looks staggered as he finishes reading it. "What shameful abuse is this?" he asks himself, vaguely.

He has believed that he knows Tempest's nature too well to expect from her either apology for past offenses, or acknowledgment of past services—which, to do her justice, were but unwillingly accepted; but this—what woman of delicacy or refinement could be guilty of perpetrating such an offense against common decency? What, indeed, could have called it forth?

He is unusually silent while he and Simpson tramp over the bleak hills on their quest; and there is a look in his eyes that it is not good to see.

Evidently he is deeply outraged by Tempest's effusion. Usually he is too indifferent an egotist to pay much attention to the sentiments he may excite in others; but the present instance is an exception. Indeed, from the moment of the reception of Tempest's first defiant and unconciliating letter—now four years ago, upon his coming of age—he has been imbued with a rank dislike of these estranged members of his race.

Intercourse with Jack Dempsey has expunged this sentiment for that individual; but Tempest—he feels again and again the hot blood of resentment creep over his scowling visage as his mind dwells upon her latest insult—for his mind does dwell upon it, and refuses to be withdrawn.

He tells himself that it is an unwarranted and unprovoked indignity; unless, indeed, his having taken his life in his hands and struggled through stormy seas to rescue hers be license for abuse. For Tempest's letter, at the best an incoherent tirade of virulence, chances to hold no direct reference to her apology, which he is supposed to have received.

"I'm sure, sir," says Simpson's respectful voice, breaking in upon his moody reverie, "you old cedar at t' base o' yon hill must be t' one we'r on track of. If ye'll bide ye here, sir, till I go and make sure, I'll give ye a signal wie a shot o' my gun."

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"T' cottage at your feet, sir, is old McFairlie's. Happen ye get chill wie the waitin', ye could step in a bit. T' old man would take it kindly, ony way."

Solitude is not objectionable in Dempsey's mood. Above him rears the long chain of grim Cornish hills; below him is their continuation, shelving down to the beach. Low lies the dense fog over their bleak peaks and riven sides, and a noisy blast sweeps from the sea. Dempsey leans his arm upon the muzzle of his gun, and with lowering eye sweeps the barren prospect.

A little beneath him, standing in a fissure in the mountain, is the small hut of McFairlie; from its door a well-worn path leads down to the water; around it are *debris* that indicate the owner's past calling—one or two skeletons of boats, and discarded seines long since left to the wind and weather. It is a meagre, poverty-stricken abode, yet it is not without a certain picturesqueness that attracts the young man's attention.

While he stands moodily viewing it, he is startled from his preoccupied state by the echo of a girl's laugh. It is clear, ringing, gleeful—in fact, a very desirable laugh, and surely it floats up from McFairlie's cottage.

Dempsey's nature is not yet so worn and sated by the world as to engender in him aversion, or even indifference, to adventure.

Shouldering his gun, he swings himself down to a level with the hut; as he gains the narrow ledge upon which it perches, against the peal of laughter—delicious, contagious—bursts forth.

Dempsey hastens his steps; in passing around the cottage he comes upon a window, which is partially raised; naturally his glance strays within; then a muttered exclamation breaks from him, and he recoils slightly. Yet there is nothing to shock the nicest taste in the picture presented: A small, scrupulously clean living-room, decorated with divers treasures of the deep; an old gray-headed man seated mending a net; and beside him a girl, with her left arm bandaged, stationed before a rude easel, sketching a trailing bunch of lichen and seaweed. And the girl's face is filled with sunny laughter and intense enjoyment, and the old man's with quaint humor, as he spins out some hilarious yarn of his bygone youth.

Yet that girl sitting so quietly with the old fisherman, and now rich in the charm of youthful sweetness and gentleness, is—Tempest Dempsey, the vixen! as he styles her.

Then, even while he looks, she puts aside her sketching, as her companion drops his seine, and, both rising, the latter hobbles to the little shining stove, pokes the fire into a blaze, and sets on the kettle, while the girl advances upon a basket, whose fantastic shape and snowy napkin would denote it to be her property, and which is stationed upon a table, and from which she proceeds to remove a roast fowl, a pot of jelly, and other delectable stores.

Dempsey now remembers to have heard Lady Hilda casually mention the strong friendship existing between Tempest and the folk along the coast, and more especially the long-standing intimacy between her and one disabled old fisherman named McFairlie, which individual he now perceives to be destitute of one of his legs.

In a species of fascination—scarcely taking in the fact of possible discovery or his rather questionable position—Dempsey stares into that humble abode. How light-hearted seem its occupants! A sort of curious resentment fills his brain as he watches the girl's face. What title has she—the

untamed, the fury, the small demoness, whose scathing tongue stings right and left—to such homely joys as these? by what right does she display this gentler phase of character? And then comes quickly the natural thought, Is it not assumed? But wherefore? The good opinion of an ignorant and unknown old cripple would scarcely be sufficient temptation for her to practice such deception; and even he—Dempsey—with all his dislike and suspicion of her, must admit that she could have no idea of his proximity; and indeed he is well aware that not for him would she practice such wiles and graces.

Yet, as she glides across his focus, how soft and tender shows her face with its sleeping spirit; how radiant, yet languorous, her amethyst eyes; what sweet possibilities lurk in the passionate curve of her lips; and how white and rounded shows her throat!

Dempsey has never denied her this one grace—she is beautiful. But now, to his furious disgust, he feels that beauty in a way that is unpleasant, considering the active and mutual hostility that distinguishes them; he feels it in the sudden vibration of his nerves, in the hot, brief fire that shoots through his veins! However, this sensation is soon routed by a still more harassing emotion—that of shamed confusion. There comes a moment when that particularly seductive vision, in its straight, tight-fitting gown that fashion dictates, disappears; and in the next instant Mr. Hugh Dempsey has the felicity of being discovered by his enemy peering in at her friend's window.

As Tempest sweeps around the angle of the little cottage, a bucket on her arm and bound for the well, by which some miserable chance—or, rather, the window—has ordained that Hugh shall come to anchor, she wellnigh precipitates herself into his arms.

Does she pause to consider how eminently becoming is the close-fitting hunting-suit in which his finely shaped limbs are incased? Is she impressed by the happiness of his selection of that particular kind of skull-cap?

It is improbable. Sincerely startled, his presence revives that burning shame of the morning, which she has only succeeded in briefly forgetting by seeking her old friend McFairlie.

And Dempsey—guilty and caught as he is—to what can he ascribe that flame of wrath that lights up her large eyes but to the venomous spirit of a born virago—a naturally diabolical temperament.

But for once she has the advantage of him; gross and unbecoming a gentleman as that particularly amiable person, Montclair, has shown Dempsey's actions to have been, and galling as is Tempest's mortified pride thereat, she holds tight rein upon her passions; perhaps this control is rendered the less difficult by the abased expression that has crept over Dempsey's countenance, as, utterly taken aback, he speedily transplants himself some feet away from her path. The girl's scornful, unsmiling glance cruelly follows him; her austere voice cuts the hush between them.

"I was scarcely aware that you numbered eavesdropping among your virtues. Mr. Dempsey, to what are we indebted for this attention?"

What can Dempsey say? Explanations would be fruitless—bandy words with her he will not. With the pleasant consciousness of acting like a fool, he wheels about and makes rapid tracks up the mountain-side.

"By the Lord! I will find a way of getting square with her," he mutters, as he awaits Simpson's signal upon the plateau above. This encounter with Tempest, in which he feels that he has been worsted, has roused a very demon in him.

CHAPTER VI.

AT last Sir John's senile bones have consented to unite once again in good-fellowship, and on the strength of this anatomical harmony his family move back to London. Dempsey precedes them by a fortnight, going the day after his meeting with Tempest by McFairlie's cottage, and with an expression in his grim countenance that deepens Lady Hilda's vague apprehensions for the future.

Life passes quietly at the Rock House; Jack works harder almost than ever he has done before; withal the common exchequer is at particularly low tide. He has two pieces in London that have not yet gone off; there is doubt of their eventually finding buyers; but it takes time—he must await his turn—and, meanwhile they subsist on fish and game, pronounce it royal food, and trouble they know not, until an ill-starred morning dawns, when Jack walks down to the village, and returns with a legal-looking document and a thoughtful countenance.

"My dear," he says to Jill, "Dempsey has commenced suit—has put the case in Chancery again. This letter is from Darling & Darling"—the John Dempsey solicitors—"desiring instructions, and asking if we intend contesting."

The girl sinks weakly into a chair—slowly the damask hue dies in her cheeks.

"I should like to accommodate you, Jill; but 'pon my soul, our purse just now is uncommonly slim. How are we to contest them, my love?" proceeds Jack.

True enough: How are they? since the woful knowledge is Jill's that they have scarcely the wherewithal to buy bread. And for want of funds they must lose their all—must yield to this Moloch who has cursed the days of her lost loved ones! To Jack the prospect of this most ridiculous suit being thus speedily brought to an end is by no means an infelicitous one; but to his daughter defeat is shame and ruin, and works misery in his soul.

"I really believe, my dear," continues Jack, adventurously, to his tyrant, "that this sudden, deplorable activity of Dempsey's is the outcome of your—or—little unpleasantness! You certainly

did treat him abominably, while he—left to himself—was no end of a good fellow."

For want of something better to do Jill bursts into a flood of impotent, but none the less miserable, tears, and wrings her hands in very agony of spirit. And thus the greater part of the day and the following fortnight passes. At the termination of that time, a formal communication from Hugh Dempsey's attorneys informs them that, owing to John Dempsey's failing to appear and contest their claim, the long-standing suit has again terminated, this time in favor of the Hugh Dempsey line, and that he—the attorney—will have the pleasure of waiting on John Dempsey in a few days for the purpose of ascertaining his pleasure in the matter of vacating the premises of the Rock House, etc. Despite his love and sympathy for his daughter, Jack is secretly elated at the prospect of getting permanently away from their present abode. He owns no tender sentiments for it; at the best it is a most undesirable place, and has been a bone of contention to, and made ridiculous, his people.

Tempest says nothing; the lawyer's letter is no blow to her; in the fortnight it has taken Hugh Dempsey to settle this matter she has had ample opportunity to accustom herself to this failure, which for years had loomed up in the future of her family as a dire menace; to sip of this bitter cup; to eat of this Dead Sea fruit of hope. She has tried to wrench her heart-strings from about the old place, but with only questionable results; for they seem as deep-rooted as the rocks—as uncontrollable as the sea dashing and fretting itself against the bluffs that are so dear to her stable nature.

To some extent her sentiments are also shared by Martin, who, with moist eyes and an unpleasant sniffle, constantly moves about the shadowy old galleries and spacious, irregular rooms.

"And where are we to go, now that the roof is torn from our heads?" she demands of Jack, on the arrival of the lawyer's formal communication.

"Stuff!" says that gentleman, in a tone that is detestably close to jocundity. "There is a jolly little rookery awaiting us in London. Have you forgotten that I have a small estate of poor mother bequeathed me? We can live every way more decent and comfortable up there than in these old barracks."

Martin sniffs harder, and by no means allows himself to be convinced by these heretical sentiments.

But soon comes fresh trouble to Tempest; Jack grows languid—his appetite vanishes—his strength dwindles; and finally he is laid up with a fever that is replete with unpleasant possibilities.

As days pass he grows worse, and finally the village doctor pronounces the malady brain fever.

Ah, now does the belligerency flee far from Tempest, and misery, in which a lost homestead holds no sway, claim her soul. Like a lost spirit—with as white and begone a face—she hovers over her father's bed, nor leaves his side for five minutes at a time.

Yet even now the hateful memory of Dempsey is ever mingling with her torture: for in this illness she believes she still perceives his baleful agency. No power could convince her that pining after the old place of which he has been robbed is not responsible for her father's physical downfall. In vain, at the commencement of the siege, has Jack assured her that in overwork, in conjunction with reckless exposure, lies the secret of it all; in vain does the man of medicine confirm it. Tempest listens to neither, and goes her wretched way with sullen thoughts of Dempsey mingling with her travail.

(To be continued.)

THE "BACKBONE" OF THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

BARTHOLDI'S statue of "Liberty," on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor, is to be unveiled with imposing ceremonies some time during the coming month of October—probably on the 30th. Meanwhile, the work upon the colossal figure is approaching its final stage. Its present condition is shown in our picture. The granite pedestal, completed last April, is 89 feet high, and rests upon a concrete base 53 feet high. The huge iron frame, which may properly be called the backbone of the figure, has been raised, and what now remains to be done is the laying on and securing of the three hundred surface pieces of bronze of which the statue is composed. These pieces lie scattered over the grass and under temporary sheds, each piece being marked in French characters to designate its particular place in the whole.

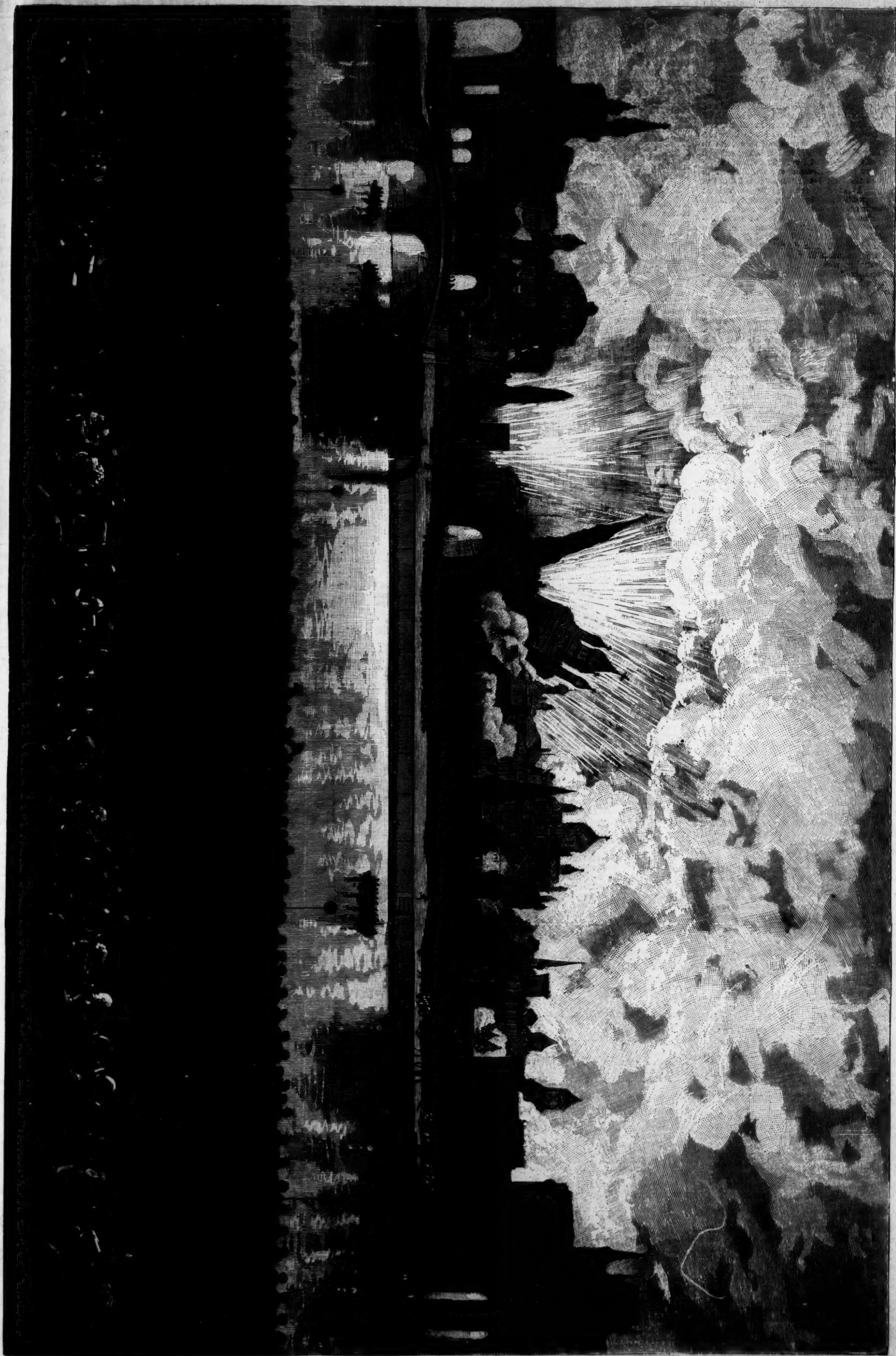
September 3d was the date originally set for the dedication of the statue, that being the anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, by which the American States were guaranteed their independence and the fruits of the Revolution were made enjoyable. It is owing to delays necessarily involved in the passage of the Bill in Congress making provision for the expense to be incurred in the work that it has been postponed until October.

At least thirty eminent French guests, representative citizens of the French Republic, will be present at the unveiling ceremonies, which will undoubtedly be worthy of the grand event, notwithstanding the fact that the original appropriation, amounting to some \$106,000, has been whittled down almost one-half. All the specifications contained in the original plans for the work will be carried out, save the strengthening of the old walls of the fort which surround the pedestal, and the building of arches between these walls and the foundations of the pedestal. For this purpose \$33,700 was originally appropriated, but the Government, it is believed, will build upon a more elaborate scale.

MARRIAGE IN THE ORIENT.

Hon. S. B. Cox, United States Minister to Turkey, contributes to the *North American Review* an interesting article on "Mohammedan Marriages," treating especially of marriage formalities between free adults not covered by contract in their infancy. "As soon as the boy attains the marriage-

SUMMER EVENING SPECTACLE AT MANHATTAN BEACH.—"THE BURNING OF MOSCOW."



"JACK AND JILL."

By ANNIE J. DUFFELL.

CHAPTER V.

TEMPEST passes a restless night; her duty done—and to win which saving grace she did such hard battle with self—immediately she becomes tormented with thoughts as to how Dempsey may receive her communication.

To one of her violent and dominant temperament, to pocket her pride sufficiently to confess her error to this man is the greatest acknowledgment she could accord his services. And though she has shown the flag of truce, under Jack's healthy example, and the memory of that season of peril, still that rankling sense of strife—that bitter resentment, now the outcome, it is possible, of a more personal sentiment than the musty feud of her ancestors—burns in her heart for Dempsey! He has shown himself to be her superior in point of politeness and self-possession—he has evinced an utter indifference as to whether or not she smoke the calumet of peace, and has distinctly refused to give utterance to one conciliating sentiment; and on one or two miserable occasions he has thrust her about as though she had been a bale of cotton; under these atrocities what wonder if the offense of thirty years' standing takes—metaphorically—a back seat? if it sinks into insignificance, until invested with its old importance under the fear of losing the Rock House? But, as has been hinted, for at least forty-eight hours that fear has been vanquished by the more individual sentiments aroused by Dempsey's manner to herself.

Early next morning she is regaled with the sight of Philip striding down the mountain-side towards the Rock House. A complacent smile touches her lips; what else is fetching Montclair at this early hour, if he is not burdened with his handsome guest's grateful acceptance of her apology?

As Montclair enters, she runs to him with a radiant face and an outstretched hand. Very much surprised and almost upset by the unusual warmth of this greeting, the future baronet fervently accepts that dainty member, and holds it tight; for whatever resources of evil future developments may prove his nature as possessing, he loves Tempest as sincerely as it is possible for him to love any object apart from himself.

The girl makes a gesture of impatience; cosmopolitan that she almost is, she is yet singularly free from instincts of *finesse* or concealment—worldly diplomacy finds no existence in her nature.

"That man—Dempsey; has he sent no word—no acknowledgment of my apology?" she asks, eagerly.

Her words act upon Philip like a douse of ice-water; he drops her hand, stares at her blankly for a moment; then his sullen temperament getting the better of him, his swarthy countenance grows positively vicious.

"He has sent no word," he says, calmly.

Tempest looks staggered.

"Well, at least you can tell me what he said—how he took it," she says, rallying. "Not that it is of any moment to me; only, what with your mother and pappy, I have almost been convinced that I may have wronged him—that he is *not* the vernal, rapacious wretch his father was. But if he has refused to accept my apology—if he has been mean enough to push me lower down, when I had already humbled myself to him—" She pauses in a panic of shocked vanity and wounded pride, while her eyes blaze with a mortified fire.

Philip is silent.

"Tell me this instant," she commands, with all the imperiousness that has so captivated his rather selfish and haughty nature, "what transpired when you delivered the note. It was *my* apology—I have the *right* to know."

"The note was tossed upon the ground. Had it been mine, I would not have so degraded it," is his low and—it will be conceded—truthful reply.

"He threw it there?" interrogates Tempest, with compressed lips.

Philip elevates his brows.

"Who else had the disposal of it?"

It is evident that the girl is making a mighty struggle with her wrathful spirit before she speaks.

"And what did he *say*?" she inquires, scorn blazing in her scarlet, fierce, small face. "Perhaps, before he discarded it, he showed it to you, and indulged in a roar over the particularly good joke?"

Montclair is silent, but the expression of his countenance might mislead a more astute reader of physiognomy than Tempest—it surely says that her conjecture is not far wrong.

She stands for an instant panting with fury. Her next movement is, perhaps, not one of dignity or, possibly, even of refinement. But it must be remembered that from childhood she has been but an undisciplined, uncontrolled little tyrant, carefully inculcated by her father and his friends with the idea that she is a power in her world.

She goes to the table, seats herself, seizes upon writing materials, and indites another note to the unhappy Dempsey.

It is bitter, scathing in its insolence; it gives Mr. Hugh Dempsey the writer's opinion of him with unflattering candor; it forbids him her presence; it exalts that even in the "presence of death her repugnance to him was invincible." This powerful pen *aperçu* of Miss Dempsey's sentiments is delivered to Philip, and, it may be readily conceived, receives more faithful treatment at that gentleman's hands than the former communication.

Accordingly, Hugh is placed in possession of his kinswoman's tender *billet doux* exactly sixty minutes after it leaves her hostile hand.

At this moment, quite recovered from any effects of his hard pull through the water forty-eight hours previously, Dempsey is standing by

the lodge-gate, awaiting the appearance of Simpson, the keeper, with whom he is to go hunting for a young sea-fowl.

After delivering up his trust, and exchanging a few careless words with his guest, Philip moves on, and Hugh turns his attention to the letter.

He looks staggered as he finishes reading it. "What shameful abuse is this?" he asks himself, vaguely.

He has believed that he knows Tempest's nature too well to expect from her either apology for past offenses, or acknowledgment of past services—which, to do her justice, were but unwillingly accepted; but *this*—what woman of delicacy or refinement could be guilty of perpetrating such an offense against common decency? What, indeed, could have called it forth?

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"I really believe, my dear," continues Jack, adventurously, to his tyrant, "that this sudden, deplorable activity of Dempsey's is the outcome of your—er—little unpleasantness! You certainly

did treat him abominably, while he—left to himself—he was no end of a good fellow."

For want of something better to do Jill bursts into a flood of impotent, but none the less miserable, tears, and wrings her hands in very agony of spirit. And thus the greater part of the day and the following fortnight passes. At the termination of that time, a formal communication from Hugh Dempsey's attorneys informs them that, owing to John Dempsey's failing to appear and contest their claim, the long-standing suit has again terminated, this time in *favor* of the Hugh Dempsey line, and that he—the attorney—will have the pleasure of waiting on John Dempsey in a few days for the purpose of ascertaining his pleasure in the matter of vacating the premises of the Rock House, etc. Despite his love and sympathy for his daughter, Jack is secretly elated at the prospect of getting permanently away from their present abode. He owns no tender sentiments for it; at the best it is a most undesirable place, and has been a bone of contention to, and made ridiculous, his people.

Tempest says nothing; the lawyer's letter is no blow to her; in the fortnight it has taken Hugh Dempsey to settle this matter she has had ample opportunity to accustom herself to this failure, which for years had loomed up in the future of her family as a dire menace; to sip of this bitter cup; to eat of this Dead Sea fruit of hope. She has tried to wrench her heart-strings from about the old place, but with only questionable results; for they seem as deep-rooted as the rocks—as uncontrollable as the sea dashing and fretting itself against the bluffs that are so dear to her stable nature.

To some extent her sentiments are also shared by Martin, who, with moist eyes and an unpleasant snuffle, constantly moves about the shadowy old galleries and spacious, irregular rooms.

"And where are we to go, now that the roof is torn from our heads?" she demands of Jack, on the arrival of the lawyer's formal communication.

"Stuff!" says that gentleman, in a tone that is detestably close to jocundity. "There is a jolly little rookery awaiting us in London. Have you forgotten that I have a small estate that poor mother bequeathed me? We can live every way more decent and comfortable up there than in these old barracks."

Martin snuffles harder, and by no means allows herself to be convinced by these heretical sentiments.

But soon comes fresh trouble to Tempest; Jack grows languid—his appetite vanishes—his strength dwindles; and finally he is laid up with a fever that is replete with unpleasant possibilities.

As days pass he grows worse, and finally the village doctor pronounces the malady brain fever.

Ah, now does the belligerency flee far from Tempest, and misery, in which a lost homestead holds no sway, claim her soul. Like a lost spirit—with as white and weebegone a face—she hovers over her father's bed, nor leaves his side for five minutes at a time.

Yet even now the hateful memory of Dempsey is ever mingling with her torture; for in this illness she believes she still perceives his baleful agency. No power could convince her that pining after the old place of which he has been robbed is not responsible for her father's physical downfall. In vain, at the commencement of the siege, has Jack assured her that in overwork, in conjunction with reckless exposure, lies the secret of it all; in vain does the man of medicine confirm it. Tempest listens to neither, and goes her wretched way with sullen thoughts of Dempsey mingling with her travail.

(To be continued.)

THE "BACKBONE" OF THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

BARTHOLDI'S statue of "Liberty," on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor, is to be unveiled with imposing ceremonies some time during the coming month of October—probably on the 20th. Meanwhile, the work upon the colossal figure is approaching its final stage. Its present condition is shown in our picture. The granite pedestal, completed last April, is 89 feet high, and rests upon a concrete base 53 feet high. The huge iron frame, which may properly be called the backbone of the figure, has been raised, and what now remains to be done is the laying on and securing of the three hundred surface pieces of bronze of which the statue is composed. These pieces lie scattered over the grass and under temporary sheds, each piece being marked in French characters to designate its particular place in the whole.

September 3d was the date originally set for the dedication of the statue, that being the anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, by which the American States were guaranteed their independence and the fruits of the Revolution were made enjoyable. It is owing to delays necessarily involved in the passage of the Bill in Congress making provision for the expense to be incurred in the work that it has been postponed until October.

At least thirty eminent French guests, representative citizens of the French Republic, will be present at the unveiling ceremonies, which will undoubtedly be worthy of the grand event, notwithstanding the fact that the original appropriation, amounting to some \$106,000, has been whittled down almost one-half. All the specifications contained in the original plans for the work will be carried out, save the strengthening of the old walls of the fort which surround the pedestal, and the building of arches between these walls and the foundations of the pedestal. For this purpose \$33,750 was originally appropriated, but the Government, it is believed, will build upon a more elaborate scale.

MARRIAGE IN THE ORIENT.

Hon. S. S. Cox, United States Minister to Turkey, contributes to the *North American Review* an interesting article on "Mohammedan Marriages," treating especially of marriage formalities between free adults not covered by contract in their infancy. "As soon as the boy attains the marriage-

able age, his father and mother cast about to find him a wife." The mother looks around carefully in all the harems of her "set"—that is, the rooms separately and solely devoted to Turkish ladies in the households of their friends. When she finds a damsel that she thinks would make a nice, high-toned daughter-in-law, the fact is reported, with full particulars, to the boy's father. If he likes the description, which is the best photograph he can get, the mother's next step is to call on the damsel and invite her to be one of a party to the Turkish bath: for bathing parties are as fashionable in Constantinople as picnics are in Hoboken. The bath, in fact, is to some extent a picnic. Cooks are kept busy preparing for it, and it ends in a banquet. The ladies go in full dress, attended by servants, and "as soon as the parties meet there is a series of endless compliments." The candidate for mother-in-law pays special, unremitting attention to the young girl, who is the "Queen of the May" on this bathing excursion. The bath and banquet, coffee, sherbet and cigarettes, are beautifully adapted to bring out virginal attractions, both physical and mental, to the eye of an experienced would-be mother-in-law. She knows a good deal about the young bather at the conclusion of the picnic, which "may last three or four hours."

Then she makes a second and more detailed report to her husband. If it is favorable, he audits it; she pays a visit to the other family and "pops the question"—to the girl's mother. She always blushes and is very much surprised, but feels duly honored by the proposal, and promises to lay it before the girl's father. If he consents, the two governors hold a meeting, come down to business, and fix up the dowry and the "happy day." The dowry is payable half in advance. The other half is held back as a sort of alimony for the wife in case of repudiation. In Turkey this precaution is a wise one, for divorce is easy, and a divorced wife is under the painful penalty of remaining single for six months. During that time the half-dowry is handy for board and clothes.

In the Ottoman Empire, marriage festivities generally begin on Monday, and last four days. Four different grades of invitations are sent out for these different days, beginning with cards to the high dignitaries of the place and ending with open doors to all acquaintances. The bridegroom and the bride, each in the separate establishment of their relatives and friends, go through this ceremonial. The fourth day—the afternoon of Thursday—the two parties gather in the house where the couple are to live, the women in the *harem-like* and the men in the *selam-like*, which means, in English, each sex on its own side of partition. Then the display of the bride's presents is in order in almost as civilized a fashion as they do it on Fifth Avenue.

"But the morning of this Thursday there has been a gorgeous procession of carriages from the bride's old home. One of these—a galvanized if not an actually golden chariot—holds the bride, and the other vehicles contain her good clothes and worldly wealth. When she reaches her new home the bridegroom has got there in advance and meets her. He tenders his arm and escorts her into the female portion of the domicile—where he is admitted on this exceptional occasion—and seats her upon a throne. Then he retires, holding his head down, and scattering small coin about him by the handful, while ladies hasten to cover their faces with their handkerchiefs, although if these have been mislaid they take their skirts or anything else, as the face must be covered in the Orient at any expense of mere feet and limbs."

After sunset the bridegroom is expected to visit his bride "by the inside door which communicates with the harem."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE Philadelphia Record says: "A few days ago Mrs. Cleveland wrote a letter to a lady in Kentucky thanking her for having called her girl baby Frances Cleveland, but begging her not to call it 'Frankie,' a name which Mrs. Cleveland says she does not like. There seems to be a weakness on the part of many people—whether pardonable or otherwise we need not stop to inquire—to take their cue in social and in other matters from what is done at the White House, and it is to be hoped that they will be able to learn a lesson from this suggestion of Mrs. Cleveland, in which there is really more food for reflection than at first sight appears. There has been of late an almost general departure from the old-fashioned names, the use of which dates back to the very earliest periods of the world's history. Instead of names which have been enshrined in literature, both sacred and profane, we have a list of meaningless and nondescript cognomens, without any beauty of sound, and only remarkable for the ingenuity displayed in their invention. We find in every list of girl graduates from schools and colleges a phalanx of Sadies and Birdies and Daisies, names that might be suited for pet lapdogs or for canaries, but which certainly seem silly and stupid when applied to the members of a sex which plays so important a part in the history of the world, and from which come the mothers of presidents and of kings, of warriors, statesmen and philosophers."

"Our Puritan fathers are not supposed to have been gifted with the aesthetic sense. Hard, precise and formal they were, with a creed that fettered each aspiration and measured every emotion by doctrine and dogma. But, after all, there must have been in them some glimmering sense of the eternal fitness of things when they gave their daughters those quaint and yet sweetly sounding names of Priscilla, and Janet, and Mary, and Martha, and Marjory. There is a suggestion of strength in such names, and they seem to harmonize with the history of the brave and self-sacrificing women who, in the early days of the Republic, shed light in the midst of darkness, and by their courage, their patience and devotion made men heroes in the face of death itself. Just as an old-fashioned garden, where roses and hollyhocks and marigolds grow at their own sweet will, has about it a charm not possessed by a modern inclosure in which flowers are taught to appear only in certain shapes, and where nature is 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd' by the shears of the landscape architect, so the old names which are now so seldom heard have a sweeter fragrance than those which are affected so much to-day. The English language is full of names that call up wondrous events and epochs in human history. 'I have a passion for the name of Mary,' said Byron; and when that name is heard there rises the thought of her whom so many millions worship and of Him whom Christendom calls Divine; Helen, whose face 'launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium'; Elizabeth, she the Saint of Hungary, and she the Virgin

Queen of England at an era glorious in everything which helps to round and fashion civilization: Joan, the peasant, the dreamer, the soldier and the martyr—these are but a few of the long line of great names that have come down to us through the centuries; and in perpetuating them we are doing honor to their virtues, and may aid in inspiring nobler sentiments and more elevated thoughts in the mothers of the future."

THE WORD "QUEER."

TO FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER: Referring to an extract from *Tinsley's Magazine* published in yours of last week (page 407), attributing to James Quin, the actor, the making of the word "queer," I would respectfully call your attention to Johnson's Unabridged Dictionary, where the word is thus defined: "Queer. (Of this word the original is not known; a correspondent supposes a queer man to be one who has a *quare* to his name in a list.) Odd, strange; original, particular." He then adds: "He never went to bed till two in the morning, because he would not be a *queer* fellow; and was every now and then knocked down by a constable to signalize his vivacity.—Spectator."

The *Spectator* was dropped December 20th, 1714. Quin made his first appearance in Dublin in 1714; came to London shortly after, but did not succeed as an actor until 1716, and before that time was only employed in minor parts. It is not possible that Addison would pick up a word coined by an obscure actor, and we do not think that the large piece of "chalk" will absorb water or hold a probability.

A CONSTANT READER.

A COLLEGE WITHOUT A STUDENT.

THE New York Commercial Advertiser says: "There is a deal of pathos in the spectacle presented by the ancient College of William and Mary in Virginia as it sits awaiting the final extinction that must soon come to it. Founded in 1693, it is the oldest college in America with the single exception of Harvard, and its history has been noble. Its establishment marked the first serious effort made to recognize the humanity of the Indian and to substitute education for the blunderbuss as an implement for his management. In its halls were educated many of the most illustrious men of America, among them Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe and Winfield Scott."

"Its first buildings were designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and its first President was the Rev. James Blair. The college building was burned in 1705, and speedily rebuilt. When the Revolution broke out William and Mary was the best endowed institute in America, but the greater part of its wealth lay in England and was lost by the rebellion of the colonies. We have before us the yellow, time-stained letters of a student, written from the college during 1775 and 1776, which seem to show that the consciousness of the financial risks in which the institution must be involved caused its governors a deal of anxiety as the shadow of coming war approached; but the student who wrote the letters was serving a little later as an officer under Light Horse Harry Lee, and the college was fully committed to the patriot cause."

"When the revolution ended, the college wealth consisted of \$2,500 in money and some unproductive lands. In the years that followed the endowment funds were increased, new departments were added, and the college took rank as a university, with law and medical departments, and a full complement of undergraduates. The establishment of the University of Virginia crippled William and Mary seriously. The new university was more favorably located, better endowed and better supported by the people. Its purely elective, German university system found peculiar favor in the South, and so the institution at Charlottesville little by little sapped the strength of the older one at Williamsburg."

"The War of Secession wrought something like ruin to William and Mary. Its buildings, its libraries and its apparatus were destroyed by fire; its students were scattered, and those to whose patronage it looked for support were impoverished. Worst of all, its funds were recklessly invested in Confederate bonds."

"After the war, efforts were made to re-establish the college. An endowment fund was raised and new buildings were put up. Again fire destroyed them, and there was no insurance. Year by year the necessary expenses exceeded the income, and little by little the endowment fund decreased. When it was reduced to about \$40,000 all the professors were dismissed and the President remained the sole member of the Faculty. During one year he had a single student, who constituted the total undergraduate strength of the institution, precisely as young Clinton, with the professor hired to teach him, once constituted the whole of Columbia College in this city, except that Clinton's solitary studentship was the beginning, while this was the end, of a great institution's career. Now there is a President and no student at all at William and Mary, and within a few years the last dollar of the endowment will have been spent and the old college will be dead."

"It is a pitiful story, but there is no help for it, unless some rich man shall see fit to come forward with money for the rescue of a college around which so many memories of great men and great events are clustered. That is not likely now, but something should certainly be done to avert the dispersion of the college library of 10,000 volumes, which, we understand, is unusually rich in rare editions and classical works."

SCENES AT A JAPANESE THEATRE.

ONE of the first things which strikes a visitor to a Japanese theatre is the peculiar shape of the stage, which projects on either side at right angles with the main stage, about half way into the auditorium. The workings behind the scenes are very simple. Everything is done by hand, and there is not much in the accessories to a spectacular play, but what is wanting in gorgeous effect is made up by the realistic manner in which they fill the minor details. Thus, if in the play a man has a sword thrust through him, the weapon is withdrawn, not bright and unblemished as before it was supposed to have pierced his body, but actually dripping with the most perfect imitation of blood.

During the performance every one eats, drinks and smokes. Criticisms are very audibly expressed. Conversation and "chaff" are very general, and people enter and leave when they like. If the actor is not word-perfect, the prompter follows him around with his book, without the slightest attempt at disguise. If the stage carpenter

wishes a light for his pipe, he does not hesitate to crawl in front of the actors and get it from the footlights. A man killed during the play is allowed to walk off behind the scenes. The theatres of Yokohama, on the main street of the Japanese town, remind one of the Bowery in New York city. In front of each one, extending from the roof to the ground, are wide streamers, of very gaudy appearance, with all kinds of symbols painted on them, signifying the scenes and characters of the play. On entering, the first thing both native and foreigner must do is to remove his or her shoes, which are checked and taken care of until the owner leaves the building. Fancy one carrying a narrow strip of wood, at least one foot in length, for a check! Once inside, the usher directs you to your place, and provides a mat, on which you are expected to squat. In cold weather each spectator is furnished with a small box of charcoal fire, with which to keep warm. The programmes are bought, and in a variety theatre there is always a master of ceremonies, who introduces the performers, especially when a difficult act is to be performed. From the time the show begins until the end, the orchestra (?) keeps up an incessant noise with gongs and a sort of banjo. However good the performance or difficult the feat, there is an entire absence of applause.

THE GREATEST CATTLE-RANGE.

THE great plateau between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras, comprising the Territory of Utah and the State of Nevada, is apparently destined to become the largest cattle-range in the country. Already immense tracts of land, some embracing nearly 250,000 acres, have been purchased, and owners of large herds in Texas and other Southwestern States are looking for ranges in this wide section of natural pasture-land. The pressure of settlers, who wish to engage in agriculture and found homes upon the lands in the great fertile plains of the West and South, has begun to crowd out the cattle-kings, who have for years monopolized the largest part of the States which by nature are better fitted for the raising of crops than for the pasturage of herds. Thus there has begun an heira of cattlemen toward the West, which bids fair to aid materially in the development of those great sections of our country that have hitherto been left almost exclusively in the hands of Indians and peripatetic gold-hunters.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON holds that artificial teeth are an evil in case of advanced years, because they enable such persons to masticate flesh. When the teeth fall naturally, it is Nature's design that the individual should subsist on vegetable diet.

THE peculiar varnish-like lustre of the petals of the buttercup is attributed by Dr. Mobius, who has recently been investigating it, to a highly refractive yellow oil existing in the epidermal cells, increased by the fact that the layer of cells of the mesophyll is densely filled with minute starch grains.

CELLUVERT is a new material formed by passing paper or any fibrous form of cellulose through a bath of nitric acid. The glutinous surfaces so produced are then pressed together and washed, when they form an extremely tough and hard substance, which is well adapted for use in the industrial arts.

THE simplest and least expensive method for removing salt-petre exudation from brickwork, when the efflorescence is in position where the sun and wind do not have free access, is to wash it off with diluted hydrochloric or common muriatic acid of commerce. About half a pound of the acid is used with an ordinary pailful of water, the application being made with a sponge.

EXPERIMENTS show that if fatty oils are cooled down to 20°, and kept at that temperature for three hours, they assume very different degrees of hardness, olive oil being the hardest. A cylindrical iron rod, one centimeter in length, and extending below in a cone, and upon which is exerted a pressure measured in grams until it penetrates into the oil with its entire length, shows that olive oil requires a pressure of 1,700, and cotton oil twenty-five grams.

THE *Santarian* relates a case in which a rat had died under the floor of a large drawing-room and was giving great offense to the owner of the house, who had had the carpets and furniture removed preparatory to taking up the floor. An ingenious friend drops in, suggests that the doors and windows be shut, steps out to the stable and traps a couple of bluebottle flies, and returning, sets them free in the apartment. The flies, after a little undetermined buzzing, settle pertinaciously on a certain crack in the floor, and on the removal of one plank at this point the cause of offense was readily removed.

PROFESSOR W. F. BARRATT, F. R. S. E., of the Royal College of Science, Dublin, comparing the different illuminating agents in use at the present moment, claims that for the same amount of light gas costs 12 cents; the glow electric, 12 cents; and the arc, 6 cents. Paraffine oil occupied a very high position as an illuminant in cheapness and under-leterious nature of waste products, but its disagreeable smell and the danger attending its use were against it. Electricity gave rise to no deleterious products at all, but the arc lamp gave a dazzling light, throwing intense shadows. In calculating the cost of providing the electric light for a house, the chief item was the interest on capital laid down in plant; the actual supply of electric energy was the least of the items. For 200 lamps lighted 500 hours a year it was cheaper to have gas than the arc electric light.

WHAT promises to be a useful light for industrial purposes, where work has to be carried on in the open or in large covered spaces by night, is described by the English *Steam Users' Journal*. The light consists of a cylindrical vessel capable of containing thirty gallons of heavy hydro-carbon oil. Air under a moderate pressure is conducted to the cylinder, which is fitted with a special burner having two tubes, one within the other, leading up to it. The inner tube dips into the creosote, and the pressure of air on the latter forces it up the tube. A portion of the air finds its way to the burner through the annular space between the inner and outer tubes, and the air and oil combining at the burner form, when ignited by a match, a flame which gives a light that is useful for general working purposes over a radius of 150 to 200 yards. The proportions used to form the proper light are four of air to one of oil by volume. The jet, being produced under pressure, is not affected by either wind or rain.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CHOLERA of the most virulent type prevails among the French troops at Tonquin.

OWING to rainy weather in Russia during the past fortnight, grain is rotting in the fields.

THE wheat crop of France is estimated at about 106,000,000 hectoliters, against 110,000,000 in 1885.

THE Chicago makers of butterine and oleomargarine have resolved to test the constitutionality of the Oleomargarine Act passed by Congress.

TWO Buffalo coopers, William Potts and George Hazlett, made a successful voyage throughout the Whirlpool Rapids, at Niagara, in a torpedo-shaped barrel, on the 8th instant.

THE City of Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky, will celebrate its first centennial on the 6th of October next. The programme promises a celebration of great interest to all citizens of the State.

THE Secretary of War will detail an army officer and a number of soldiers for the care of the Yellowstone National Park, as Congress failed to provide pay for the superintendent and his ten assistants.

PRUSSIA and the Vatican have signed a convention terminating the religious controversy between them so far as it related to all secondary matters, and regulating the presentation of benefices and appointments to ecclesiastical seminaries within the Kingdom of Prussia.

WE recorded, last week, the failure of the first attempt to launch the great lumber-raft at Joggins, N. S. Mr. E. Stewart Candler, of New York city, who is connected with the enterprise, writes us that the builders are at work getting the raft in shape again, and hope to launch it successfully about the 1st of September.

THE volcanic disturbances in New Zealand had not ceased when the last steamer left Australia. A chemical examination of the volcanic ashes shows that they are mostly composed of fine basaltic soil. Every human being had abandoned the entire portion of country situated within the limits of the volcanic system.

THE other day in one of the Alpine valleys an eagle swooped down upon an eight-year-old boy and attempted to carry him off; but assistance being at hand, the royal bird was killed. His expanded wings measured eleven feet across. This is a departure from the old-time programme of carrying the boy to a mountain-top to be brought up with the young eagles.

THE tonnage of Germany's mercantile marine has increased rapidly in the last six years. Part of this increase has been built at home, and a large proportion consists of mail and freight steamships built abroad. It is estimated that vessels under the German flag transport about forty per cent. of the foreign trade, and the steam lines receive liberal aid from the Government.

THE second religious pilgrimage ever conducted in the United States was made on the 15th instant to the Shrine of Our Lady of Marys at Auriesville, N. Y. The first pilgrimage that occurred in this country was during August, 1885, when the same shrine was visited by fully two thousand devout Catholics, men, women and children. The number of participants in the present pilgrimage was much larger.

THE Taylors, of Tennessee, are bound to have the next Governorship in their family. Alfred Taylor was nominated to that office by the Republicans on June 15th; Robert L. Taylor, his brother, was selected as their candidate by the Democrats last week. The New York Tribune suggests that possibly the Taylors are of Scotch descent, and remember the days when, if the father of the family took up arms for the Stuart pretender, the eldest son remained loyal to the ruling dynasty. This little arrangement kept the estates in the family, no matter which side won.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, while at Salzburg, Germany, one day last week, en route for Berlin, was presented with a basket of flowers by the American guests of the hotel where he stopped. On leaving Salzburg he requested the Americans to assemble in the large hall of the hotel, where he shook hands cordially with each man, woman and child, and spoke to them all in German. His grandson, Prince William, son of the Crown Prince, translating his remarks, said: "The Emperor thanks the Americans for their courtesy, and expresses his profound admiration for the American people."

IMMENSE damage has been done by fire to the forests in all parts of Wisconsin. In some sections the destruction of standing pine and hard wood is beyond calculation. The fire extends in many places to the roots of the trees, two and three feet below the surface, and burns with the animation of tinder. The smoke in the woods was for days, last week, next to unendurable. Cultivated farms have been completely swept over, and crops and considerable other property destroyed, in many instances leaving the owners dependent. The grain-fields are a pitiable sight, all of them having as sombre an appearance as coal.

A CONVENTION of colored men will be held in Philadelphia in October to discuss the project of erecting monuments in Washington to the benefactors of their race. The proposed monuments will be raised to John Brown, William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Abraham Lincoln, Richard Allen, and others. It is estimated that all the monuments and the ground will cost about \$1,000,000, the money to be raised by popular subscriptions by the colored people of the United States. It is proposed also to lay the site of the monuments off in walks, flower-beds and circles. Each walk will be named after a State that took part in the Abolition movement.

THE emphatic action of the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in reference to the Pension Bill which proposed to give a pension of \$8 a month to every honorably discharged person who served for thirty days or more in the army or navy during the Rebellion, will increase the respect felt for this great organization of Union veterans. At the session in San Francisco, an attempt was made to secure action in favor of the Bill. The committee on pensions reported adversely, but its friends insisted on testing the question before the convention. The result was that the resolution was defeated by a vote of 327 to 86. A decision so overwhelming, and representing as it does the best of the ex-soldier element, without regard to party lines, furnishes food for thought to a certain class of politicians.



VERMONT.—HON. S. C. SHURTLEFF, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.

PHOTO. BY BLANCHARD.

HON. E. S. PRATT,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO PERSIA.

DR. EDWIN SPENCER PRATT, the new United States Minister Resident and Consul-general to Persia, was born near the City of Mobile, Ala., in March, 1851, and is now in his thirty-sixth year. He is the youngest son of the late William H. Pratt, of Mobile, killed a few years ago in a railroad accident on the Mobile and Montgomery Railroad, of which he was Vice-president at the time, as well as President of the Mobile National Bank. While in his fifth year, young Pratt was taken by his father to Tours, France, where he owned a residence, and with him traveled over most of the countries of Europe. He attended school at Tours, and was for four years at two Paris colleges, taking the literary and scientific courses. In 1874 he returned to the United States, and entered the College of Surgeons and Physicians of New York, from which he graduated two years later. He then became a student in the Charity Hospital, New Orleans, and made a specialty of yellow fever cases. He next went to London, and spent two years there in two different college hospitals, under Professors Lyster, Quin and Spencer Wells. At the instigation of Professor Quin, he prepared for the British Medical Dictionary, from the old Spanish and French reports upon yellow fever, an English compilation which was highly commended. In 1878 he returned to Paris and pursued the eclectic courses in the far-famed scientific schools, and also the literary and philosophical schools, of that capital. In 1880 he returned to this country, and engaged in mining, manufacturing and commercial enterprises with his father, who had done much to place Alabama on her present sound financial basis. While Dr. Pratt is a graduate and has devoted so much time to the study of medicine, he has never practiced or followed it as a profession; but of late years has devoted much of his time to international affairs and the study of plans for the development of the vast resources of his own State.

HON. S. C. SHURTLEFF,

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF VERMONT.

HON. S. C. SHURTLEFF, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Vermont, was born at Walden, in that State, January 13th, 1838, and received his education in the common schools and aca-

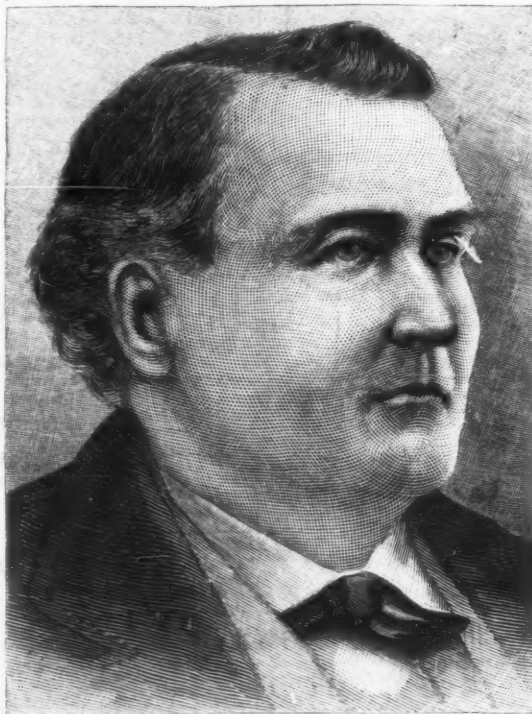
demies of the county. In the intervals of study he taught in neighboring schools, at the same time reading law. He was admitted to the Bar in March, 1863, and has ever since prosecuted that profession. From 1863 to 1876 he resided in Plainfield, ten miles from Montpelier, and in 1874 he was elected a Representative from that town to the General Assembly. In 1876 he removed from Plainfield to Montpelier. He was the Democratic nominee for Judge of the Supreme Court in 1884, and was supported not only by his own party, but also by every Republican Representative and Senator of Washington County.

DE PAUW UNIVERSITY, GREENCASTLE, INDIANA.

THIS well-known institution is located in Greencastle, Ind., at the junction of the Indianapolis and St. Louis, Terre Haute and Indianapolis, and Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railways. It was founded in 1837, and for forty-seven years was known as the Indiana Asbury University. A few years ago the number of its students had increased to such an extent, and the demands upon it for the highest work had become so great, as to tax the institution beyond its utmost capacity. Although a university in name, it had never been more than a college in fact. It had reached a period in its development when either it must take on a great expansion or suffer a serious contraction. The latter would have been fatal; the former was, therefore, a necessity.

In this emergency the friends of the University looked abroad for help, and fortunately found it. Hon. Washington C. De Pauw, of New Albany, Ind., President of the Board of Trustees, came to the rescue. He met all immediate wants and provided for the future on a most magnificent scale. The College was at once reorganized and expanded into a university. At the urgent solicitation of the Board of Trustees, Mr. De Pauw finally consented that the University should bear his name, and on May 5th, 1884, the change of name was legally effected. Since that time Mr. De Pauw

has been most liberal in his donations, having more than fulfilled his promises. His will provides that, with certain exceptions, forty-five per cent. of his vast estate shall go to the University. The grounds of the University contain one hundred and fifty



INDIANA.—WASHINGTON C. DE PAUW.



ALABAMA.—HON. EDWIN S. PRATT, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO PERSIA.

PHOTO. BY BELL.

acres, thirty of which are in the heart of the city, and the remainder in a fine tract lying partly within and partly without the corporation limits. The buildings are named as follows: East College, West College, Music Hall, Ladies' Hall, Gentlemen's Hall, and McKim Observatory, besides several smaller buildings. The Observatory was founded by Robert McKim, Esq., of Madison, Ind., and is a model in plan and equipment. The laboratories, museums and libraries are growing rapidly, and are a credit to the institution.

The University is organized on the following basis: 1. Asbury College of Liberal Arts, including Classical, Philosophical, Scientific and Literary Courses. 2. School of Theology. 3. School of Law. 4. School of Military Science and Tactics. 5. School of Music. 6. School of the Fine Arts. 7. Normal School. 8. Preparatory School. The School of Medicine is yet to be organized. The other schools are all thoroughly equipped and in complete working order. The University confers appropriate degrees in each of the schools, except the Preparatory. The total attendance for the year ending June 24th was nearly eight hundred, representing seventeen States and three foreign countries. The number of professors and instructors was forty-three. The total number of the alumni is nearly a thousand. Bishop Thomas Bowman, D.D., LL.D., for many years the President, is now the Chancellor; Alexander Martin, D.D., LL.D., is President of the University; and John P. D. John, D.D., is Vice-president. The State of Indiana may well be proud of De Pauw University.

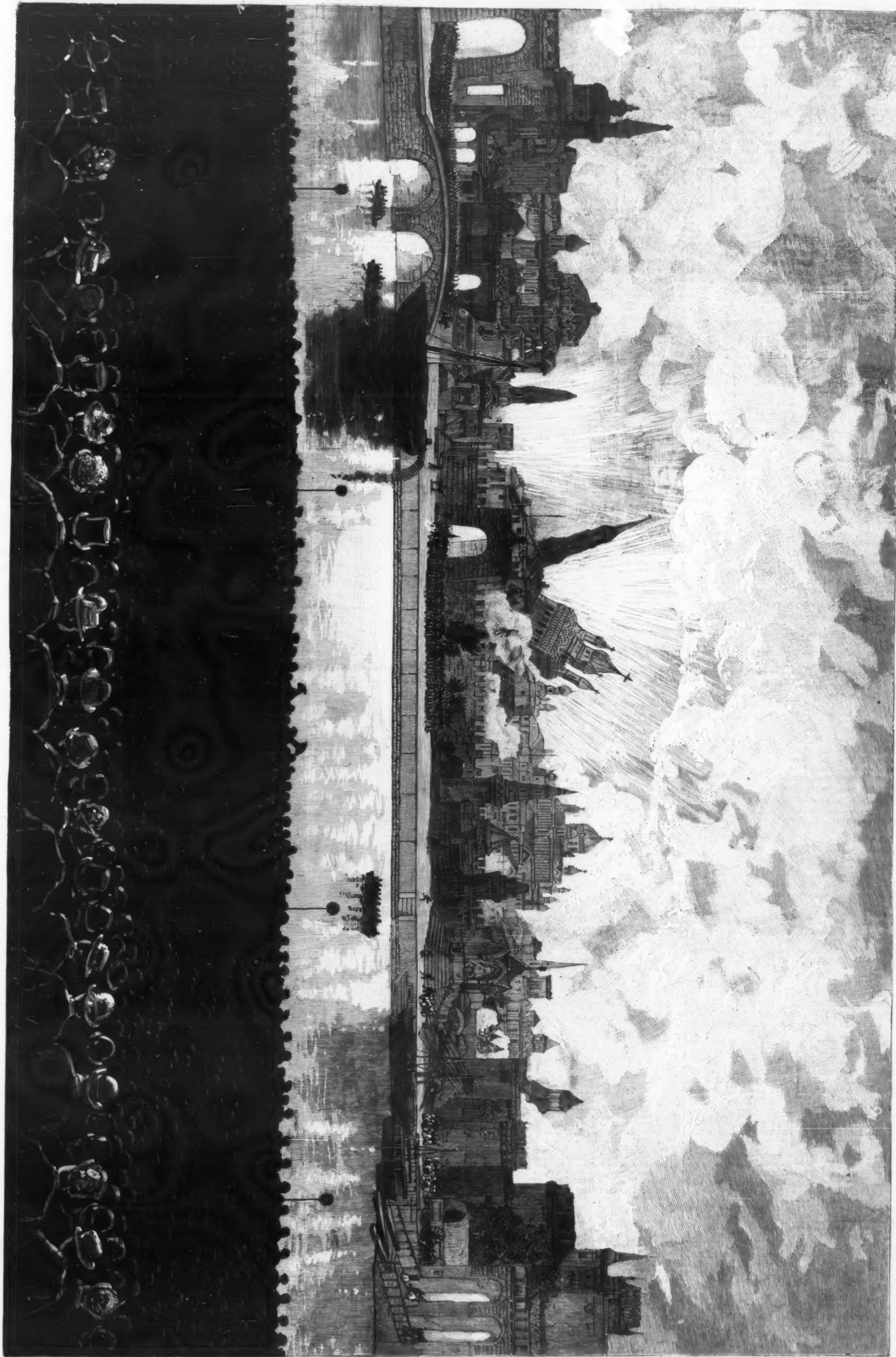
"THE BURNING OF MOSCOW."

MANHATTAN BEACH, AND PAIN'S GREAT SPECTACLE.

THE idea of pyrotechnical exhibitions at Coney Island originated with a gentleman who never received any benefit therefrom. The first effort was made at Brighton Beach in 1878, shortly after the opening of the hotel, and was an unexpected success. Mr. Austin Corbin was not slow in noticing this, and the result was the engagement of Paine, of London, the leading pyrotechnist, who in 1879 commenced a series of exhibitions that called the attention of the public to Manhattan Beach during the years 1880 and 1881. The exhibitions consisted of aerial and set pieces on a colossal scale, which met with ever-increasing popularity. In 1882 a new



INDIANA.—VIEW OF THE DE PAUW UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS AT GREENCASTLE.



SUMMER EVENING SPECTACLE AT MANHATTAN BEACH.—"THE BURNING OF MOSCOW."

departure was made in giving the first of what are now called "Fire Spectacles." The "Destruction of the Spanish Armada" the season after, introduced ships in action, but the "Storming of Alexandria," produced the following year, had living figures in action. This innovation won an instant success, and crowded houses were the result. This was followed in 1884 by the "Bombardment of Pekin." Before the opening of the season the auditorium was entirely rebuilt and enlarged, the experience of the previous year showing the accommodations to be entirely inadequate. It now has seating capacity for 6,000 persons. A lake of natural sea-water extending the entire length of the inclosure, and about half an acre in extent, was located in front of the enormous stage between the audience and the performers; this lake is constantly supplied with salt water, being subject to the tides of Sheephead Bay. The effect of the brilliant colors of the fireworks on the water is superb—boats float on its surface—it reflects the entire scene. It is very realistic to see a boat sink, its occupants swim to shore, while the shells burst and their contents splash in the water. The close of the season was the only reason for the discontinuance of the "Pekin" representation. The Summer of 1885 witnessed a totally different and rather classical effort. The "Last Days of Pompeii," with its magnificent scene of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, was a really magnificent spectacle, and the introduction of games in the marketplace served as a vehicle for some clever athletic and acrobatic performances, which were entirely in keeping with the surroundings.

Mr. Pain has, however, outdone himself in the production of the "Burning of Moscow," during the present season. It employs over 400 persons, besides horses, etc. The introduction of a fine chorus has a pleasing effect, and the auxiliaries composing the Russian and French armies are well drilled, their experience of former years having made them more perfect than ever in movement. Napoleon on his famous white charger is a conspicuous figure, the part being enacted by a specially engaged artist. The opening scene is the assembly of the Russian Army, the bugle-calls ringing out loudly; next are the drill and review by the Grand Duke, the march past, and return to quarters. Then the populace have their games in the marketplace, and all is peace and prosperity. A bugle-call is heard, and the approach of the French Army is signaled. The populace scatter to their homes. The Russian Army appear. Skirmishers are thrown out, but the advance of the French cannot be staid, and the Little Emperor at last appears, passing in front of his troops, who cheer him. After dismissing, he enters the Citadel. The Russian Governor, driven to desperation, liberates the criminals confined in the dungeons, and they fire the city in many places, and a general conflagration ensues; buildings toppling over, and towers and cupolas crumbling to pieces. Finally the retreat of the French is shown, and with a grand finale consisting of a profusion of fireworks, portraits in fire of celebrities of the day, and the exhibition of a mammoth fountain. The attendance this season is limited only by the capacity of the inclosure.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE TEXAS Democrats have nominated General L. C. Ross as their candidate for Governor, and demanded a vigorous policy in protecting and defending the rights of American citizens.

The convention of the Association of American Bankers held at Boston, last week, adopted resolutions urging that the coinage of silver be suspended, and that continued efforts be made to secure an international uniform basis of value between gold and silver.

At a meeting of the America's Cup Committee, during the cruise of the New York Yacht Squadron, the dates for the international races were fixed for September 7th, 9th and 11th. The trial races to select a sloop to meet the *Galatea* will take place on August 21st, 24th and 26th.

SO FAR as can be ascertained in Washington, there has been no change in the situation regarding the Cutting difficulty since the adjournment of Congress. The Secretary of State is still waiting to obtain the exact records of the court at Paso del Norte. A report to the effect that the Government had agreed to send a representative to discuss with a Mexican representative the interpretation to be put upon the Mexican law under which Cutting is held has been denied at the State Department.

FOREIGN.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY will sail for America on September 16th.

CHRISTINE NILSSON was married in Paris, last Friday, to Count de Casa Miranda, of Spain.

ANTI-JEWISH riots have occurred in the Province of Kieff, Russia. The houses of many Jews were wrecked.

A DISPATCH from Leigh, Lancashire, states that a terrible explosion occurred Friday morning in the Woodend Colliery, at that place, in which forty miners perished.

THE Spanish Government will subsidize in July, 1887, new lines of steamers to South, Central and North America, Asia, etc. The Panama Canal will be used if opened.

In Paris, last week, Louise Michel was sentenced at the City Assizes to four months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 100 francs for "seditious language" and "inciting to murder during the rioting at Decazeville on the 3d of last May."

THE Canadian authorities have issued a warning to American fishermen forbidding them to fish in the Bay of Chaleur, between New Brunswick and Quebec, although it is fifteen miles wide at the entrance. Evidently the authorities are going to enforce their own interpretation of the three-mile limit, which is that the shore line extends from headland to headland, and not along the actual shore.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is said to be trying his hand at a bit of practical legislation. He is preparing a Bill which, looking to the solution of the Irish question, provides for universal local self-government throughout Great Britain and Ireland, giving Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales control each of its own immediate affairs, and leaving the supreme power of the Imperial Parliament undiminished. The Bill is described as a measure which opens the door to imperial federation.

HOW THE GERMAN EMPEROR TRAVELS.

WHEN the Emperor William travels, every possible measure is taken to provide for his comfort. The Emperor's special train consists of three saloon carriages connected with each other by a covered way. The imperial carriage proper is richly hung with blue damask, and at one end there is a small compartment in which the Emperor likes to stand at the window when making short journeys. A small saloon next to this compartment contains a sofa and a spring seat, opposite which is the Emperor's camp-bed. Near the *salon* is the study, in which stands a desk with writing materials, whose appearance shows good wear. Upon a bracket above the desk is a small model of the Column of Victory in Berlin. Adjacent to the study is a dressing-room, fitted up with extreme care and good taste. A final room contains two small sofas, a leaf table, and a large mirror. With the Emperor's own carriage is a carriage for his suite, and this is, of course, quite differently fitted up. It contains five or six apartments, each containing a table and two small couches. All the rooms are connected by telegraph with the Emperor's apartments. The carriages are provided with gas throughout.

A KISSING WEEK.

A PRIVATE letter from General P. M. B. Young, United States Consul-General to Russia, to a friend in Georgia, written in St. Petersburg, contains the following: "It is the custom here with all the people of the Russian Church to kiss each other when meeting on the day of Easter Sunday or at any time during the week. One exclaims, 'Christ has arisen,' and the other responds, 'Yes, He has surely arisen,' and they kiss each other. This custom is observed by the high and the low; even the Emperor kisses the first person he meets on coming out of his rooms in the palace. It is related that one year ago when the Emperor came out of his room the first person he saw was the sentinel at his door. Approaching the latter, the Emperor said, 'Christ has arisen.' The soldier did not respond, but was silent, and on inquiry the Czar found that his sentinel happened to be a Jew. Ever since that time Jews are not found on guard in the palace. To say the least of it, the Jew was honest."

THE PROTESTANT ELEMENT IN ULSTER.

IN view of the impression which quite generally prevails that the Protestant population of Ulster, Ireland, so overwhelmingly preponderates that the rest of the population need not be taken into account, the following from the *Philadelphia Times* has an immediate interest: "In October last a return was issued by Parliament at the instance of Mr. T. M. Healy, showing the religious denominations of the population of each constituency formed in Ulster by the 'Redistribution of Seats Act,' which shows that the population of Ulster is divisible into two distinctly different portions, namely, fifty-eight per cent. occupying about three-fourths of its surface and forty-two per cent. on the fourth which remains. The surface of Ulster occupied by the fifty-eight per cent. comprises the entire western, central and southern counties, as well as a portion of the south-eastern—that is to say—Donegal, Tyrone, Londonderry, Fermanagh, Cavan, Monaghan, and the southern divisions of Armagh and Down. On the other hand, the forty-two per cent. may almost be said to be crammed within the limits of a couple of counties, and, as a matter of strict fact, they occupy the whole of Antrim, three-fourths of Down and two-thirds of Armagh.

"Therefore, instead of Ulster being a Protestant province, it is simply a province whose extreme eastern portion is overwhelmingly Protestant in contrast with the western, central and southern portions, which are overwhelmingly Catholic. Where, then, is the 'Orange North'? If there be such a place at all, it is to be found only in a corner of Ulster, and even in that corner it appears that the Catholics, who are assumed by the Loyalists to be Nationalists to a man, number 200,000.

"Now, if Antrim and some portions of Armagh and Down are Protestant to the extent of nearly three-fourths, it is equally true that Donegal, Fermanagh, Monaghan and Cavan are three-fourths Catholic. There is a Protestant Northeast in Ulster and a Catholic Northwest, as well as a Catholic Centre and a Catholic South, but a Protestant North or a Catholic North or a Protestant province of Ulster is what most certainly does not exist.

"The truth is, that Ulster is by no means the homogeneous Orange and Protestant community which it suits the Orangemen to represent it. Here are the exact figures from the Parliamentary return already quoted:

	Catholics.	Protestants.
Antrim.....	113,146	337,719
Down, N. E. and W.....	37,306	137,044
Armagh, N. and W.....	37,935	68,099
Total.....	188,387	542,862
Donegal.....	157,608	48,427
Fermanagh.....	47,359	37,520
Cavan.....	104,985	24,791
Monaghan.....	75,714	27,034
Total.....	385,566	137,772
Londonderry.....	73,274	79,717
Tyrone.....	109,793	88,926
Armagh, S.....	34,277	17,925
Down, S.....	32,458	36,839
Newry.....	10,111	15,479
Total.....	259,913	228,879
Grand total.....	633,566	909,513

"So you see that the Protestants in Ulster outnumber the Catholics by only 75,947."

FUN.

"FATHER," said Rollo, "to whom was Byron writing when he said, 'Fare thee well, and if for ever, still for ever fare thee well?'" "Oh," said Rollo's father, who is away up in ancient history, "he was writing an ode to Patti's farewell tour, 'Still for ever fare thee well.'" "And who was Byron?" asked Rollo. "He was a prophet," said Rollo's Uncle George—Burdette.

REV. JOSEPH SCOTT preached at Trinity Church one Sunday, and didn't get to the pulpit till the people had finished singing the opening doxology and resumed their seats. He went through the other preliminary exercises without any reference to his delay, but as he came forward to begin his sermon, he remarked: "I am very seldom late at church; my horse gave out this morning and I had to walk. You will find my text in Psalms xxxii. 9—'Be ye not as the horse or as the mule, who have no understanding.'"—*Springfield Republican*.

LIFE IN THE PARIS SEWERS

IS POSSIBLE for a short time to the robust, but the majority of refined persons would prefer immediate death to existence in their reeking atmosphere. How much more revolting to be in one's self a *living sewer*! But this is actually the case with those in whom the inactivity of the liver drives the refuse matter of the body to escape through the lungs, breath, the pores, kidneys and bladder. It is astonishing that life remains in such a dwelling. Dr. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" restores normal purity to the system and renews the whole being.

It is now estimated that an Alpine glacier moves at the rate of four inches a year. Somebody ought to get up an international race between a glacier and a district messenger boy.—*Washington Hatchet*.

A DRUGGIST'S VERDICT: "During 30 years' drug business, never have I sold an article giving such universal satisfaction as PALMER'S 'SKIN-SUCCESS.' People who suffered for years with various skin complaints are constantly returning perfectly cured to thank me for recommending 'SKIN-SUCCESS.'"—G. R. HARRIS, J. C. Heights, N. J. 25c. and 75c. Druggists. PALMER & Co., N. Y.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"Who is that?" "That? Why, that's Mr. McBlank. They say he is immensely rich." "H'm! What city is he boss of?"

"Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not, But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue, Clear as the sky, without a blame or blot, Through goodly mixture of complexion due, And in her cheeks the vermeil red did show."

This is the poet's description of a woman whose physical system was in a perfectly sound and healthy state, with every function acting properly, and is the enviable condition of its fair patrons produced by Dr. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION." Any druggist.

WARNING!

It is not to be wondered at that most Americans are dyspeptics. Swallowing ice-cold drinks on a hot summer day does the mischief. Why, then, not add ten drops of ANGSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned tonic of exquisite flavor, and thus avoid all danger of cold in the stomach?

It is more pleasant to look forward than backward, but it is not so wise.—*Philadelphia Call*.

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THROW AWAY TRUSSES.

AND employ our radical, new method, guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture. Send 10 cents in stamps for references, pamphlet and terms. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 N. 1st St., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Cholera
ramps
Colic**
all
Summer Complaints
and all
Bowel Troubles
are cured by
**Perry Davis
Pain
Killer**
All druggists sell it.



Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

The most effective external remedy extant for the cure of Skin Diseases and for Beautifying the Complexion. Caution.—There are counterfeits. Ask for GLENN'S (C. N. CHITTENTON on each packet). Cf druggists, 25c.; 3 cakes, 60c., mailed on receipt of price, and 3c. extra per cake, by C. N. CHITTENTON, Proprietor, 115 FULTON ST., New York.

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Prevented, Controlled and Cured by

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Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 6 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair. — Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

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PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain. — William L. Page, Richmond Va.

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Send 6 cts. for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. **TRUE & CO.**, Augusta, Maine.

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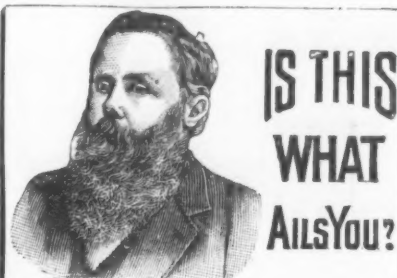
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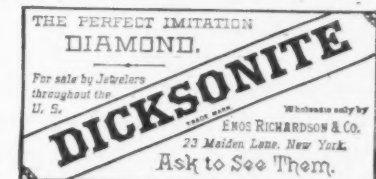
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